

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1886.

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BURNS AND OATES, ORCHARD STREET.

*The Decrees of the Council of Baltimore.*¹

THE Third Plenary Council of Baltimore forms a most valuable landmark in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the publication of its decrees deserves, therefore, something more than a hurried notice.

The number of "Synodales" who attended is noteworthy—they were 220—14 Archbishops, 57 Bishops, the Prefect Apostolic of the Indian territory, the Administrator of Covington, 3 Procurators of Bishops, 1 Arch-Abbot, 5 Abbots, 7 Domestic Prelates, 3 Private Chamberlains of His Holiness, 31 Superiors of Religious Orders, 11 Rectors of Greater Seminaries, and 86 Theologians. Cardinal McCloskey and 9 Bishops were prevented by illness from attending, and 7 Synodales, who had been summoned, were excused from attendance for special reasons.

A century had not elapsed since Bishop Carroll, of venerable memory, presided over the first Diocesan Synod of Baltimore, attended by 20 priests. In the first Provincial Synod of Baltimore, held in 1829, seven episcopal sees were represented; and the Superiors of two religious orders and nine Theologians took part in the deliberations. The first Plenary Council of the United States of America, called for brevity's sake, the Plenary Council of Baltimore, because held in that city, numbered 6 Archbishops, 23 Bishops, 12 Abbots, 2 Superiors of religious orders, and 30 Theologians. A comparison of the first and third Plenary Councils will give some idea of the immense strides the Church has made in the United States.

To prepare the way for the proceedings of this important gathering, His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth invited the Arch-

¹ *Acta et Decreta Concilii Plenarii Baltimorensis Tertii*, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIV. Preside Illmo. et Revmo. Jacobo Gibbons, Archiepiscopo Baltimorensi et Delegato Apostolico. Baltimore: Typis Joannis Murphy et Sociorum, MDCCCLXXXVI. Pp. cix. 321. The cix. pages are introductory to the Decrees. The Decrees and the subscriptions occupy 189 pages. The Appendix, consisting of documents, closes at p. 300. A careful Index to the whole runs to p. 321.

bishops of the United States to Rome. There, after several conferences with the Congregation of Propaganda, a *schema* or outline was agreed upon, and this outline, with some additions made later, formed the basis of the work of the Plenary Council. Illness prevented the Cardinal Archbishop of New York from directing the Council, and Archbishop Gibbons received the appointment of Apostolic Delegate to convene the Council and preside over it.

Few of our readers can have enjoyed the opportunity of watching the proceedings of a Plenary Council. They may be interested in a rapid account of this volume, and the work recorded in it.

The Table of Contents is followed by a decree from the Apostolic Delegate promulgating the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and declaring that its laws come into force from the date of the decree, January 6, 1886.

The next document is the Decree of Propaganda, ratifying the decrees of the Council: Leo the Thirteenth approved the decision of Propaganda on September 10, 1885, and the letter of Propaganda was signed September 21, 1885.

Then follow the *Acta Concilii*—the letter of His Holiness appointing Archbishop Gibbons Apostolic Delegate, with power to convene the Council: the formal summons to the Council issued by the Delegate to all who were bound to attend: a letter from the Fathers of the Council, addressed to the Pope, December 7, 1884, after the termination of their labours.

A preliminary meeting of the Metropolitans assembled on the 6th of November, and conferred on the work before them. On the 7th the preliminary meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops was held; the list of the Synodales was gone through, and the names of the Officials of the Council having been published, the Deputations or Committees of the Bishops and Theologians were announced. Lastly, the order of business received the sanction of the Bishops.

Our readers may be surprised at the amount of work mapped out. The private Committees of Theologians met every day at 4 p.m., except on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Public meetings of all the Synodales were held every Tuesday and Friday at 4 p.m. The private Committees of Bishops took place daily at 10 a.m., except on Sundays and Thursdays. The Public Sessions assembled in the Cathedral on Sundays and Thursdays at 10 a.m. Thursday the 13th of November was

appointed the day of the Requiem Mass for the Bishops who had died in the interval between the second and third Plenary Councils of Baltimore ; during those eighteen years, eight Archbishops and thirty-three Bishops had gone to their rest. All the Synodales walked in procession at the first and at the closing Public Session. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung on the days of Public Session, except on the day of the Last Session, when the Mass of the Blessed Trinity, in thanksgiving, was substituted. This Mass of thanksgiving had been originally fixed for the last Sunday of November, the 30th ; it was actually celebrated on Thursday the 27th, the Thanksgiving Day appointed by the President through the whole of the United States territory.

The next point was to agree on twenty-one Parliamentary Rules, for the procedure of business ; they are published among the Acta at p. xxxvi.

A series of sermons was announced to be preached in the Cathedral, two for each Sunday, and one for every day in the week, except Thursdays and Saturdays. A second series in German, one for each Sunday, and one for each Wednesday and Friday, was announced for the Church of St. Alphonsus. The subjects treated in the Cathedral were : (1) Councils in the Church. (2) The Unity of the Church. (3) The Church the friend of good government. (4) The Church the patron of Science. (5) The necessity of a Divine Revelation. (6) The Missions to the Aborigines. (7) The Priesthood. (8) The higher Education of the Clergy. (9) The Education of the Laity. (10) Christian Marriage. (11) The observance of Sundays and Holidays. (12) The Spiritual care of the Negroes. (13) The Sacrifice of the Mass. (14) The Holiness of the Church. (15) The Catholicity of the Church. (16) Catholic Clubs. (17) The progress of the Church in America. (18) The Blessed Virgin Mary, Patroness of the States. (19) Perpetuity of the Church.

The Council lasted a week longer than had been anticipated ; for that week six sermons were delivered on the prerogatives of the Holy See. These sermons were all preached by Bishops.

The preliminary meeting of the Archbishops was brought to a close by a telegram to Leo the Thirteenth from the assembled Fathers ; a second telegram to Cardinal McCloskey ; and a letter of sympathy to the Bishops of Germany.

The Committees of Bishops were two ; one consisting of the

Archbishops of Boston, Milwaukee, and Chicago, to consider any fresh business which might come up, *super novas materias*; the other to prepare the Catechism. The Archbishop of San Francisco, with six other prelates, formed this Committee.

The Apostolic Delegate was deputed to write to the Holy Father. Three other Bishops to draw up the letter to the Clergy and People; and two others to write to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.

The Committees of Theologians—*Deputationes Theologorum* as they are called—consist of a number of Bishops, a Secretary, and several Theologians. They were twelve in number. The matter of the decrees was distributed among them. The decrees were compressed into eleven tituli; with an introductory and a concluding titulus, thirteen in all.

The first Committee took the Introductory Titulus, tit. i. and tit. ii. c. 1; the second Committee considered tit. ii. cc. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; the third, tit. ii. cc. 7, 8; and so on to the twelfth, to which fell tit. x. and xi. and the concluding one.

The third Preliminary Session, that of all the Synodales, assembled on Saturday, the 8th of November. The Apostolic Delegate opened the proceedings with prayer and a short address to the assembled Fathers and Theologians on the work of the Plenary Council. He then called on the Chancellor to read the names of all the Synodales, the list of the Officials, the series of the Committees, the procedure of the Council, and the rules of the Meetings. The decrees *De Secreto Servando et Schemate Decretorum Restituendo* were read; each Synodalis promised on the faith of a priest; the papers were distributed to the Theologians; the Delegate appointed the following day for the first Solemn Session, and after prayer the Preliminary Session broke up.

It has been stated that five Solemn Sessions sufficed for the work of the Council. The first, held on the 9th of November, the 23rd Sunday after Pentecost, was taken up with the usual formalities prescribed in the Roman Pontifical and the Ceremonial of Bishops; the last formality is the Profession of Faith. In the second Solemn Session, held on the 16th of November, the 24th Sunday after Pentecost, after the Mass and Sermon, the Introductory Titulus and tit. i. tit. ii. cc. 1, 2. and tit. iii. c. 1, were read, *per summa capita*. In the third Solemn Session, held on the 23rd of November, the last Sunday after Pentecost, tit. ii. cc. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, tit. iii. cc. 2, 3, 4, and tit. iv. c. 1, received the

approbation of the Fathers. In the fourth Solemn Session, held on the 30th of November, the First Sunday of Advent, tit. iv. c. 2. tit. v. and tit. vi. were passed. And in the fifth and last Solemn Session, held on the 7th of December, the Second Sunday of Advent, tit. vii. viii. ix. x. xi. and the concluding titulus were read and approved.

The Bishops, the Procurators of Bishops, and the Abbots signed the decrees on the altar; their signatures were witnessed by the Apostolic Protonotary, the four Secretaries, and the two Chancellors. The Acclamations, the Pax, the *Te Deum*, and the Papal Blessing, concluded the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and the Fathers and Theologians formed in procession and returned to the palace of the Archbishop.

The Church music provided for the more solemn functions which took place during the Council, receives its praise as "devotional, distinct, and intelligible, and calculated to promote piety."²

The history of the Solemn Sessions is followed by extracts from the Proceedings of the Private Committees. The Second Plenary Council had printed the minutes of the Private Committees in full. The Third Plenary Council could not follow their example. The minutes of its Private Committees, compressed as far as was possible, filled more than one hundred pages of quarto. So the Fathers of the Council contented themselves with a few extracts, such as might serve hereafter as legal precedents in future Councils. The question of a revised translation of the Vulgate came under consideration; but does not seem to have been heartily taken up.

After the extracts comes the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, assembled in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, to the clergy and laity of their charge. The matter is naturally suggested by the Decrees of the Council.

The portion of the volume which comes under the heading of Acta is taken up with answers from the Holy See in answer to various petitions presented from the assembled Episcopate. The petitions were (1) that the feasts of St. Philip of Jesus, Martyr, and SS. Turibius and Francis Solanus, Confessors, might be kept as Lesser Doubles; (2) that the Bishops might be authorized after obtaining the sanction of their consultors to dispense from certain formalities required in Canon Law

² P. lxi.

for the alienation of Church property; (3) that the period allowed for the Concursus might be extended for a month from the promulgation of the Council; (4) that the mission oath might hold good for the whole province to which the candidate for the priesthood belongs; (5) that the Constitution *Romanos Pontifices* might be extended to the United States; (6) that the feasts of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, the Ascension, the Assumption of our Lady, and All Saints might be prescribed as Days of Obligation; that the solemnity of Corpus Christi might be transferred to the Sunday next following, and finally that Benedict the Fourteenth's Constitution for Holland, dated 1741, might have force throughout all the dioceses of the United States.

The second portion of the volume contains the Decrees of the Council. They are classed as stated above under one preliminary titulus, one concluding titulus, and eleven others. Of these we shall speak in some detail: they give the chief importance to the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and they are of interest to other English-speaking portions of the Church, because they sum up with a certain degree of completeness a course of Church legislation which has engaged the thoughts of the Holy See for the greater part of a century, and has been gradually taking shape.

The preliminary titulus re-affirms the decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, saving the points in which they may have been abrogated or altered by the Third Plenary Council.

The eleven tituli treat of (1) the Catholic Faith. (2) Ecclesiastical Persons. (3) Divine Worship. (4) The Sacraments. (5) The Education and Formation of the Clergy. (6) The Education of Catholic Youth. (7) The Christian Doctrine. (8) Zeal for the Salvation of Souls. (9) Church Property. (10) Ecclesiastical Causes. (11) Church Burial.

The concluding titulus treats of the Promulgation of the Decrees and their enforcement.

Most of the tituli are divided into several chapters.

Titulus i. on the Catholic Faith, sums up the definitions of the Vatican Council respecting Reason, Revelation, the Holy Scriptures, and the Pope's Infallibility. It subscribes to the Encyclical Letters of Leo the Thirteenth, naming especially the *Quod Apostolici Muneris* against Socialism, the *Diuturnum Illud* on Christian Government, and the *Arcanum* on Marriage under the Christian Dispensation.

Titulus ii. in nine chapters, treats of Ecclesiastical Persons. Chap. i, after exhorting Bishops to shine as models to their flocks, inculcates the visit to Rome, *ad limina Apostolorum*, every ten years, and the visit falls due every tenth year, even though there should be a new Bishop in the interval. It details the procedure to be followed when a see is vacant. The Consultors and the irremovable Rectors of the diocese present three names to the Bishops of the Province; a copy of the names is sent to Rome. The Bishops must assign their reason if they object to any of the names sent up. The appointment finally rests with the Pope.

Chap. 2 considers the Consultors of the Diocese. The government of a diocese would be too heavy a burden for the Bishop unaided. In Canon Law the Cathedral Chapter assists him with its counsels and bears a portion of his work. The Consultors of the Diocese are substituted for the chapter, which at present cannot be established. Each diocese should have six or at least four Consultors: two are tolerated, if four cannot be had. The Bishop names one half: the other half he must take from names proposed by the priests who actually exercise faculties: each priest submits the names of three eligible candidates. The Bishop is never bound to follow the advice of the Consultors; but he is bound to hear what they have to say, (1) when a diocesan Synod is to be called, (2) when a district or quasi-parish is to be dismembered, (3) when a quasi-parish is offered to Regulars, (4) when there is question of naming a new Consultor, or a new Examiner, (5) when diocesan property exceeding \$5,000, is to be dealt with in a way which corresponds to *alienation* in Canon Law. The Consultors are named for three years. The Bishop must convene them four times each year: they vote *collegialiter*, and secretly if they wish.

We pass over Chap. 3, on the Examiners of the Clergy of the Diocese. Chap. 4 reminds Rural Deans that their duty requires them to preside at the Theological Conferences and to observe the priests and people of their deanery, and call the attention of the Bishop to any point of importance.

Chap. 5 bears the heading, Irremovable Rectors. These Rectors are the modern substitute for parish priests. Parishes, especially in Protestant countries, are sometimes thought to be the essential unit in the Christian Church. The gentlemen who interest themselves in the Reformation of the Church established

by law in England have been driven to the discovery of the truth that the diocese, not the parish, is the unit in Church organization. The parish was used by positive law for the better management of the diocese, and to each parish a priest was attached, only to be removed when incapacitated by age or infirmity, or rendered unworthy by faults determined in Canon Law. The Council of Trent insisted on the parochial division being carried out: and the post-Tridentine legislation followed the same direction, but the force of circumstances will not allow the establishment of the parochial system in the United States at present. As a substitute, preparing the way to the parishes of Canon Law, resembling them as nearly as may be, the Council of Baltimore calls on the Bishop to advise with his Consultors, to select certain districts most suitable and place them under irremovable Rectors. This idea may be traced back to our First Synod of Westminster. The Council of Baltimore requires such a district to have a suitable church, a school for boys, another for girls, a presbytery, and a well assured income equal to the maintenance of priest, church, and school. Districts now receiving irremovable Rectors are always to have such Rectors. Now and for twenty years to come the irremovable Rectors are to be in the proportion of one to ten of the priests of the diocese. No one can be appointed irremovable Rector (1) unless he has served the diocese for ten years to the satisfaction of its rulers, (2) unless in that time he has shown capacity to undertake the management of the temporals and spirituals of a district, (3) unless he satisfy the Examiners in the Concursus. Chap. 6 regulates the Concursus. Every candidate must pass a written and an oral examination in Moral and Dogmatic Theology, in Liturgy and Canon Law: he must give a catechism and write a sermon. His moral character receives a careful consideration. The Examiners are bound to submit the name of every candidate whom they judge equal to the post of irremovable Rector: it remains with the Bishop to choose the Rector. The chapter concludes with the causes for which such Rectors may be deposed. The details about the Concursus which fill chap. 6 may be left to the reader. Chap. 7 deals with the diocesan clergy in four sections: the first and second speak of the diocese to which a priest belongs or into which he has been adopted; the third makes provision for priests disabled by old age or sickness: the fourth considers the case of a priest who by his own fault has been forbidden the exercise of the ministry. In chap. 8

various points of clerical conduct and demeanour are touched upon. The Roman collar is everywhere to be worn. Priests are forbidden to attend horse-races or to witness theatrical performances. They must not engage in commerce: they must not undertake legal liabilities or responsibilities without the leave of the Bishop. They may not sue a layman for bench-rent or other church dues without a written permission from the Bishop. One priest may not sue another in a civil court, even in a merely temporal matter, without a permission in writing from the Bishop.

Chap. 9, on Regulars, recalls the chief clauses of the Constitution *Romanos Pontifices*: then prescribes various rules for the numerous communities of men and women which have multiplied in the Church to meet the wants of the day. This chapter closes with a warm eulogy of the Christian Brothers. Titulus iii. on Divine Worship, has a chapter on duplicating, another on uniformity in the observance of feasts and fasts, a third on the observance of the Sunday, and a fourth on Church music.

Titulus iv. on the Sacraments, in the first chapter, lays down the rules for the conditional re-baptism of converts from heresy: in a second chapter it treats of marriage. The Council declares those guilty of a heinous sin who apply to the civil courts for a divorce, and attaches the penalty of excommunication (reserved to the Ordinary) *ipso facto* incurred by such as attempt marriage, after having obtained a divorce in the civil courts. The same penalty it imposes on Catholics who contract marriage in the presence of a non-Catholic minister. Much stress is laid by the Fathers of the Council on the importance of surrounding marriage with all possible religious solemnity, in order to combat the modern error which degrades the marriage union to a merely civil contract. The evils of mixed marriages call forth some weighty observations, and the indispensable conditions which the Church imposes before she tolerates a mixed marriage are enumerated.

Titulus v. in five chapters, discourses at great length on every part of the education of a priest; on the lesser seminaries, on the greater seminaries, on the seminary for the province, on the examinations of the newly-ordained priests, and on theological conferences. This matter occupies twenty-six pages.

The Third Plenary Council fully recognizes the importance of a first-class education. If Catholics are to keep their own

schools, they must make their schools the best in the United States. If the Church is to take her right place in the Western World, her clergy must receive a complete theological training, and those amongst her priests who are to direct the diocesan clergy must be accustomed, through long years, to the routine of official life. Titulus ii. provides for the official education and the formation of rulers and advisers. Titulus v. for the intellectual education. The Third Plenary Council shows itself eminently practical. The catechism naturally takes the first place. Second in importance comes the study of languages. The young clerics must be formed to speak and write English correctly, fluently, and elegantly; they must be exercised in composition, in public speaking, and in declaiming. All must learn one modern language at least, to fit them for the peculiar wants of their dioceses. A high standard of proficiency in Latin is laid down; a much lower standard in Greek will suffice. While ceremonies and church-music claim the notice of the seminarists, they are not to omit book-keeping. The higher classes of Rhetoric, Philosophy, and Theology, are considered minutely; the formation of a priestly spirit and a priestly demeanour is worked out very carefully and comprehensively. No one can read titulus v. without forming glowing visions of the future of the Church in the United States. In titulus vi. on the Education of the Laity, the Bishops warn their flocks against merely secular schools, and urge them to support the Catholic schools; each Bishop must name a Diocesan Commission of Examiners, and no priest may employ a master or mistress unless provided with a diploma from the Commission. The diploma remains good for five years; at the end of which time the teachers must undergo a second and a final examination. This system, if enforced, is calculated to call into existence a highly qualified body of teachers. In the chapter on the Higher Catholic Education, the Bishops appeal to wealthy Catholics to contribute generously in promoting this important work. Titulus vii. on Christian Doctrine, presents some interesting enactments. At every Mass on Sundays and Holidays, even in the summer months, the Gospel must be read in the vernacular, and a sermon of at least five minutes must be delivered. One Catechism for all the States will be drawn up. Prayer-books may not be published without the approbation of the Ordinary. A committee of Bishops is named to draw up a prayer-book, which will appear with the sanction of all the Archbishops.

Chapter 4 deals with Literature and Periodicals. The Council raises its voice of warning against the profane and irreligious publications which unhappily abound in America, and calls upon priests and laymen who have the taste and the talent for such work to devote themselves to the service of the Church in literature. This invitation the Bishops accompany with an indignant protest against the abuses which have existed in certain newspapers claiming to be Catholic; the habit of criticizing Priests and even Bishops, the bitter quarrels kept up between Catholics and Catholics, the aping of advanced opinions in matters of science from a wish to appear in advance of the Church. So much good work lies within the reach of Catholic writers in the periodical press, we cannot wonder if the enemy of souls strives to convert the Catholic paper into a weapon of attack against the Church.

Titulus viii. on Zeal for Souls, offers many tempting passages on what may be done for immigrants, for the negroes, and for the native Indians. These we must pass over to get to chapter 3, on Societies. Section I denounces unlawful societies, Freemasons and Carbonari, and others, which substantially agree with them in their objects and weapons. It declares that the prohibitions of the Holy See reaches all societies which impose an oath of secrecy which the members refuse to reveal even to the Ecclesiastical authorities; or which require an oath of blind obedience; no Catholic remaining a member of such societies can receive absolution. Certain societies are pointed out as schismatical and even heretical, which pretend to employ a priest as their chaplain in the ritual which has been concocted for their meetings; and the censures decreed against their members in the *Apostolicæ Sedis* are enumerated. The unlawfulness of all societies which secretly or openly conspire against Church or State, and the censures incurred by their members, are next considered. Catholics are warned not to allow lawful societies, formed by workmen for their mutual support and defence, to be transformed into forbidden associations. The just rights of capitalists and masters must be respected; and societies which pursue their ends through violence and bloodshed can never be justified. To the Bishops belong the right of pronouncing on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any given society; on the other hand the Third Plenary Council repeats the legislation of its predecessor, and no one in future in the United States may condemn by name any particular

association, unless it be flagrantly and beyond all doubt in opposition to the Papal Decrees; every doubtful case must be referred to the Holy See. In order to secure uniformity throughout the United States, the Archbishops of all the provinces are constituted a permanent commission for all such cases. Section 2 warmly encourages the establishment of Catholic Societies, for all classes, for young and old, for religious objects, and also for temporal objects. A special paragraph is devoted to pious confraternities for the relief of poverty and sickness, for the visitation of the sick, for the spread of good books, &c. The Bishops insert a strong recommendation of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. The cause of Temperance is pleaded vigorously in section 3. Titulus ix. contains a code for the management of Church Property, remarkable for its wisdom and its breadth. The rights of the Church to the management of her property is clearly laid down. The old principle of Canon Law is re-asserted; no one can alienate Church property, not even the Bishop, save in matters of small moment, without the sanction of the Holy See. The position of lay-trustees is well defined. Their qualifications too. No minor can be a trustee; no one who has failed to make his Easter Communion; no one who does not hold a sitting in the church and pay for it; no one who sends his children to a non-Catholic school, unless in cases provided for in titulus vi. c. i. s. 1; no one who is a member of any forbidden society.

Chapter 5 legislates against certain practices of collecting money for charitable and religious purposes. Every church must set apart a free space; the poor must not be made to blush at their poverty. Priests may not encourage *balls* for pious objects. *Pic-nics and fairs* (bazaars) are placed under the control of the Bishop.

Titulus x. is taken up with Ecclesiastical Causes. The establishment of regular ecclesiastical courts is prescribed. In dioceses where that is not possible the instructions issued by Propaganda are to be followed and the regular forms of the law are to be introduced. Clerics who feel themselves aggrieved know their complaints will be heard and decided upon according to the wise legislation of the Church: they cannot say they are left to the caprices of their Ordinary: the Ordinary and his clergy alike live under the law.

Titulus xi. on Ecclesiastical Burial, provides that Catholics who possess lots in non-Catholic cemeteries may be buried there

and with Catholic rites, unless the Bishop for some special reason issues a forbiddance.

The concluding titulus arranges for the promulgation and the effectual carrying out of the decrees.

The Appendix, a series for the most part of official documents, we leave to our readers.

We cordially recommend this volume to our readers, clerical and lay. How refreshing in these days of mediocrities, of weak-kneed governments, of jaded, wearied populations, to find a grand problem grasped so firmly and dealt with in such a careful, wise, and resolute spirit! The future of the Catholic Church throughout the vast dominion ruled over by the democracy of the United States must be to every one who reflects a problem of the most thrilling interest. Will the democracy of the West prove equal to the task in presence of which Europe has been found wanting? In the might of her youthful vigour will she be able to reduce to order the lawless elements which have gathered to her hospitable lands from the Old World? Can she preserve the best civilization of the past and add to it from her own? Can she solve the problems of education? of capital and wages? of authority and liberty? of religion and science?

The Catholic Church stands forth not the least factor in this momentous future. We confess that the study of the *Acta et Decreta* of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has raised high hopes in our hearts. The Catholic Church, her episcopate and her priesthood and her laity, are represented worthily. A high standard is set up: not an impossible one; for the builder has reckoned the cost, and the materials and the means are all prepared. We find so much comprehensiveness, so much large-heartedness in this legislation; so much foresight and thought and experience brought to bear on the work; such a thorough-going practical American character stamped on every line, and, lastly, such a spirit of priestly holiness breathing through it all, that it is impossible to resist the thought, a great blessing will follow to America from this Council. From many hearts and many lips on this side of the Atlantic will rise the prayer, *Soror nostra es, crescas in mille millia*—"Thou art our sister: mayest thou increase to thousands of thousands, and may thy seed possess the gates of their enemies!"³

GEORGE PORTER.

³ Genesis xxiv. 60.

How to Help the Unemployed.

It is plain that something must be done for the unemployed, something to remove in reasonable time the habitual uncertainty and want of employment, and to prevent the periodical recurrence of acute distress. For, if all is let alone, the unemployed are not likely any longer to do nothing, but rather to give some very unpleasant employment to the rest of society. But what to do is unfortunately anything but settled; and indeed we have in England no definite intelligible programme before us, except indeed that of the Socialists. They would raise the State into a wise, benevolent and immortal father of a family, distributing to his children work and goods according to their capacities and necessities, and securing all against distress arising from sickness or accident, from stoppage of work or old age; and as an approximation towards this, the Socialists, or the soberer among them, would approve the State being the exclusive holder of many sorts of property (as railways), and of the expropriation by the State of many holders of lands and houses, and of the State undertaking a far-reaching scheme of national insurance. We may say this would be unjust or mischievous—I think it would be both—but we must not say it would be impracticable; and for myself I should not like to say that it was more unjust and mischievous than the present condition of the poorer classes in this kingdom. I know there are still a number of excellent persons who think what they hear of distress or degradation to be in great part mere fancy pictures drawn by political agitators or sensational newspaper writers; and as they are conscious that they treat their own tenants, servants, and workpeople well, and that their friends, good people like themselves, do the same, they are inclined to think that, on the whole, things are not so bad, and that the working classes are fairly well off and properly treated. But they make a mistake in thinking that the few they know are a fair sample of the many they do not know. For they do not know the life led by the enormous masses of poorer labourers in our

great towns, nor of the agricultural population in those many districts where there is no resident gentry. And yet these form the majority of the English people ; and this majority is without decent homes, without means of decent recreation, with every incitement to vile recreations ; with wages often too low, sometimes too high, never certain ; with no security of regular employment, no means of properly controlling and decently placing their children, in a word, utterly unfixed and insecure. It is from this class that is mainly recruited the two armies of the criminal classes on the one hand, and the still more degraded and hopeless class of tramps and professional paupers on the other hand. Nor is it any use, in opposition to these facts, to cite any number of particular instances of happy homes and good masters (I know there are many), nor to convict the Socialists (it can easily be done) of ignoring these instances, of suppressing the truth, of exaggerating the extent of distress, and of calumniating the richer classes, both in the past and in the present. All this you may show in the most brilliant way ; but it is all in vain. For the point is that a great proportion of the English people live in that precarious and demoralizing condition already described. And this melancholy fact remains as true as it was before.

I repeat, then, we must do something. But what ? Now those who have no fixed religious principles, and who are at the same time averse to State Socialism, find themselves in an unsatisfactory position. They could formerly convince or crush all inquirers with an appeal to free contract, free trade, rights of property, and immutable laws of political economy. But these phases have lost their magic, and those who used them are in sad want of something to take their place. Indeed they have so little to offer of what is attractive to modern taste, nothing like the famous "three acres and a cow," no free schools, rent-free houses, and pensions all round in old age, that they are almost forced into denying the misery which they can neither explain nor remedy. Fortunately Catholics are not—at least they ought not to be—in the same plight. We have no interest in suppressing facts and distorting evidence. We are in no doubt about our principles ; and knowing the truth about human nature and about man's duties of justice and duties of charity, we know that social facts (which are the workings of human nature) will, if properly stated, be a confirmation of our creed. No doubt there is always some difficulty, and some room

for various opinions in the application of our principles to the ever-changing circumstances of the world. But as we are agreed on the first principles of justice and charity, a substantial agreement on the chief points of application will after due discussion be reached. Individual writers will, no doubt, some of them fall short of the mark, and some of them overshoot it. Thus I could name certain Catholic economists who have so exaggerated the functions of the Civil Power as to be separated by a scarcely visible line from the Socialists. Others, on the contrary, have made the field of charity too wide, and that of justice too narrow. But among ourselves, quite unlike those outside the Church, the true doctrine in time prevails; and the interposition of the Holy See keeps us safe from falling for any long time under the dominion of any very serious error. Now I think that a proper study of Catholic principles would enable us to give an answer even to so particular and concrete a question as what now to do for the unemployed in England. But as among our English writers so little has been done for our enlightenment, and we are likely to cry out at proposals that are reasonable and practicable, as though they were paradoxical or unfair, I prefer to approach the subject under the shelter of our brethren in Germany and in France. No doubt the circumstances of England are very different from those of the Continent, but not wholly different; and much that is said both of the condition of the manufacturing and urban population of France or Northern Germany, and of the means to improve that condition, can be applied to England. Let us listen then and learn. And first I will cite, not any individual author, but what has much more weight, namely, some of the opinions arrived at after much deliberation, and formally promulgated by the Council of Studies of the *Œuvre des cercles catholiques d'Ouvriers*. This admirable association, as is well known, contains many of the French clergy, and among the laity, besides men of literature and politics, it contains a large and wholesome ballast of merchants, manufacturers, and men of property. Now the Fifth Opinion (*Avis, No. V.*) promulgated by the Council of Studies of this Association is as follows:

DUTIES OF THE GOVERNMENT IN A CHRISTIAN STATE TOWARDS
THE LABOURING CLASSES.

The Socialists, maintaining the *right to employment*, declare that the State should take the place of private enterprise, and should become the great agent of production.

On the other hand, the economists who uphold the doctrine of *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*, will not allow the State to interfere in any questions of labour.

These two doctrines are equally false.

The right of the government in a Christian State is to promote in every way the common good of those under its charge. In view of this end, it has not indeed the function of directly distributing either work or bread; but it has a special charge to protect the poor and the weak.

Hence it has duties, in regard to labour, that are both simple and easy to fulfil.

First, for the sake of the souls and the bodies of the workmen, their family life, their minds and their health, the Government must above all things secure them by law, at every period of life and under all conditions, a free Sunday. A man who has not one leisure day a week, whatever his wages may be, is an oppressed slave, deprived of his most sacred rights. The liberty of the Sunday is the Magna Charta of the modern workmen.

Secondly, the Government must give special protection to the weak, and prevent unfair advantage being taken of women, children, and poor people. Hence there must be laws regulating the length of time women and children may be at work, forbidding certain employments for mothers and children, enjoining the separation of the men and the women in workshops, and in general forbidding in workshops whatever is injurious either to bodily health or to religion and morality.

Thirdly, the Government must secure peace between masters and workmen, and thus prevent work being interrupted, by encouraging in every way permanence in industry and employment; by promoting trade guilds, and the formation for these guilds of a common fund out of contributions from both masters and workmen to be a corporate property for the workmen; and also by creating courts of arbitration for settling disputes and other matters.¹

The State ought to keep the right of examining and approving the rules of all such associations; for it has to protect society against the danger of revolutionary associations, a danger the greater the less society is Christian.

Fourthly, the Government should in a certain measure protect industry against unfair and foolhardy *home* competition, by requiring that any man starting a fresh business, if he has not established a common corporate fund for his workpeople, shall advance a certain sum as caution money, to guarantee his workmen against a sudden stoppage of work. This measure would lessen the danger of mere speculative undertakings.

Fifthly, the Government should, in general, aim at the welfare of the

¹ In the original that was issued in 1879 the need of the alteration of the French *loi des coalitions* is here added. But this alteration has now been made by the law of March 21, 1884—almost the solitary good work of the anti-clerical republic.

national industry rather than at cosmopolitan interests. The rulers of a Christian State have, besides, higher duties binding them to attend above all things to the state of life of the producers, in particular of those who live by the labour of their hands.

Analogous laws to those already mentioned against *home* competition that is unfair and foolhardy are required *à fortiori* against similar *foreign* competition, so that the national industry may not suffer through the restrictions to the labour of women and children, through limitations of working hours, and in general through laws of the moral order.

These rules are a better guide to follow in foreign relations than those hitherto regulating treaties of commerce. It would be both more Christian and beneficial to have treaties settling the manner of production.

On this document I will not at present make any comment till I have put a second and a third before my readers. Then they can be all taken and discussed together. The second document is from the same body as the first, and is of the nature of a corollary or supplement. It was published in August, 1885, as an answer to the question of compulsory insurance against sickness, accident, old age and stoppage of work; and it runs as follows:

1. Among the strictest duties of Government is that of seeing that its subjects are not deprived of getting their livelihood with *sufficient ease*. But of course this must not be understood in the sense that Government should give *directly* to everyone his subsistence. To make it thus the universal housekeeper would be pure socialism.

2. Therefore in its nature, and save in rare and quite exceptional circumstances, the Government must not be itself the *insurer*, must not itself administer benefit societies, insurance companies or savings banks (*caisses d'assurance ou de prévoyance*). If it did this systematically, it would get too much power, that could be only too easily abused; we should be making a great step towards State-Socialism; and the danger would be greater the more disorganized modern society became.

3. Nevertheless the Government is bound to guarantee to all a life of peace and tranquillity, and a certain *fixity* (*stabilité*) of tenure of what is needful for proper family and individual life, and notably to secure peace between masters and workmen and to protect national industry. And the Government fails in its strict duty whenever through its negligence or its want of foresight any considerable body of its subjects are exposed without protection to all the natural results either of an insecure life (*précarité de la vie*), or of moral vices, or of an insufficient defence against external enemies.

4. We declare then, both from a philosophical and from a religious standpoint, that the Government most certainly has the right, nay, under the present circumstances of society, the duty, to require that *precautions*

be taken and prudential institutions founded to secure the workpeople as much as possible against the consequences of sickness, of old age, of stoppage of work, and, above all, of accidents ; and to compel employers to show that they have got their workpeople to belong to these institutions.

5. Such institutions, to be sound and to be safe from Government interference, ought to form a sort of corporate property *jointly* owned and *jointly* managed by masters and workmen : and would be perfected by the renewal of trade corporations or guilds adapted to modern circumstances. Otherwise they would degenerate into financial societies or into a sub-department of the Treasury ; whereas by assuming a corporate character, they would lose all character of Socialism ; and the *boyle* or common fund of the old guilds being once more renewed among the working classes, the field of poverty and distress would be so far narrowed that private charity would be sufficient for it.

These sober resolutions of so well-instructed a body after so much deliberation have a great presumption of truth in their favour. And still more so when we find them substantially confirmed by the German Catholic Committee on Social Science. This body, in June, 1885, passed a series of resolutions, which I will now give, though it will not be necessary to cite in full more than a portion.

They begin, much like the French already cited, with a strongly worded resolution in favour of rest on Sundays and holidays, and the duty of the Government to enforce it. Then they urge the need of international agreements being made for the protection of the working classes, lest a State's trade suffer by its humane laws. In particular there should be treaties relating to Sunday rest, labour of women and children, night-work, maximum limit of the working day, insurance of workpeople, as we might say, an international factory and workshops Act. This is a confirmation of the last part of the first French set of resolutions.

The German Committee then proceed to the question of insurance, especially of insurance against being out of work ; and after noticing the need of making provision for the future, and the disastrous results if this duty is neglected, they assert the right of those in authority to enforce according to times and circumstances the observance of this duty. Then they speak as follows :

Government is not by its nature called upon to regulate prudential institutions under all circumstances, and to take the initiative ; least of all to establish a universal and compulsory system. Still, under certain

circumstances, especially looking at the disorganized condition of modern society, it is called upon to frame even compulsory measures to prevent whole groups of its subjects being without any or any adequate means of livelihood. If this can only be done by insurance, it has the right to enforce insurance.

The nature both of Government and of insurance require that the following principles be observed :

(a) Guilds or other prudential institutions that already exist or are about to be founded, and that have compulsory insurance as part of their rules, ought to be encouraged by Government and only so far controlled as is required for the security of the members and the public good.

(b) Insurance ought only to be enforced on groups of persons so exposed to the chance of being without a livelihood as to be a danger to society ; every member of such a group must be insured, at least by means of a contract with his employer.

(c) It is quite proper that a master, standing as he does to his workmen, should contribute towards their insurance. Indeed he is bound in justice to do it if their wages are not up to the fair mark, so that they cannot pay, or pay in full, the premiums for insurance ; notably in cases where there is a special danger of being without a livelihood from the nature of the work [*e.g.*, dangerous work] or of the relation to the master [*e.g.*, dismissable at a day's or week's notice], and where this danger is not properly compensated by higher wages. The amount of the master's contribution towards the insurance of the workmen must depend upon circumstances, and must not be deducted from wages.

(d) The institutions for insurance ought as far as possible to have a corporate character, to rest at least in part on the contributions and the mutual liability of the members. Government help ought to be confined to those exceptional cases when it cannot be done without.

(e) The institutions for insurance must be allowed freely to manage their own affairs, a proper share of the management belonging to the persons insured and to the masters as far as they are compelled to contribute. The action of the Government should be limited to a general supervision, and to protecting the rights of the institutions and of the persons insured. There should be law forbidding any transfer or pledging of the rights of the insured.

(f) The following points ought to be particularly looked to by Government supervision, and in the management of the institutions, namely : that the premiums be as far as possible fixed and steady, that the allowances claimable be as safe as possible (there should be a reserve fund, and suitable re-insurance), and that if a member changes his place of abode he may as easily as possible have his claims properly transferred.

If the foregoing principles are observed, compulsory provision for the future, in the shape of insurance enforced by Government, contains fruitful germs for the reorganization of society.

Having given these documents I feel I am bound forthwith to give a commentary. Not indeed as though these declarations were not unusually simple and practical; but still, anything in the nature of a declaration requires some amount of interpretation, especially when translated into a foreign tongue and read in a foreign atmosphere. Moreover, the question of compulsory insurance is liable to much misunderstanding, and requires, in any language, to be stated with much care. But let us begin with the simpler questions.

First, then, both French and German authorities lay great stress on Sunday rest. In England we have got in great measure what they are asking for abroad, and our problem is not so much to secure a free Sunday as a sober Sunday. Still, even in the matter of mere rest, there is much to be done, as much of the existing work is unnecessary. For example, why allow goods trains, other than those conveying perishable articles, to run on Sundays? Then there is the great abuse of trading late on Saturday night, and making it impossible for many to pass Sunday morning otherwise than in a heavy sleep. But one or two simple enactments could not indeed secure that the Sunday was well spent, for no number of Acts of Parliament could do that, but could prevent this particular abuse. Early closing on Saturday could be enacted and enforced, and if needful it could be made illegal to pay weekly wages on a Saturday. This, by the way, would act as a temperance measure. Perhaps, indeed, it violates half-a-dozen laws of political economy; but we need not think much the worst of it, if it does.

The second French recommendation (in the first document) has a more direct bearing on the question of what to do for the unemployed. The whole of it, and something more, I would urge for adoption, as far it is not yet adopted, in England. It is, in brief, the recommendation of stringent factory and workshop laws. Here, again, we are better off than the French, but still we are in need of a law forbidding (with the needful modifications) the employment of men and women together in the same workshop, and putting some limit to the number of hours that adults may be employed. A great number of adult women do indeed enjoy legal protection in this matter, like children and "young persons" (the legal term for youths and girls), but not adult men. Now, although it is no doubt both easier and meaner to knock down a child or a woman than a grown man, I have never understood that you may in consequence assault

and batter any grown man with legal impunity. But overwork undoubtedly inflicts serious moral and physical injury, not only upon women and children, but also upon grown men. Yet these last are unprotected by law. It is an offence severely punished to overwork a horse or a donkey; and yet we tolerate such abuses as the long hours of many railway servants, of omnibus drivers, of shopmen and shopwomen, of many artisans through the practice of working overtime, and of the many victims of sweaters and sub-contractors, especially in the clothing trades and among dock labourers. Some of these abuses are completely, and by comparison are easily, preventable. For example, the early closing of shops can be ordered and enforced; and we should give our utmost help to the efforts now being made by Mr. Sutherst and the Shop Hours League to bring about this reform. Other kinds of overwork, such as that of the seamstresses and tailors, is more difficult to prevent; but a Government that was in earnest in the wish to rescue these unhappy classes could, I think, with the aid of the experienced staff of factory inspectors, frame an Act that would be effective. Such Acts, be it observed, directly touch the unemployed; the average of wages might or might not be lessened, but in either case more workpeople would be employed—for example, about one-third more men as omnibus drivers and conductors in London. And indirectly much good would be done, for example, one of the great hindrances to the employment of older workmen would be removed. For, as was noticed in the previous article, the practices of scamping and overtime act to the peculiar disadvantage of the old and experienced. To borrow French phraseology, we can say that the enforcement of a moderate working day, and of solid and genuine work, is the *Magna Charta* of gray hairs.

But perhaps some readers will be frightened by that ancient spectre of foreign competition, and think we shall be ruined by countries where there is little or none of this paternal legislation for the working classes. But as this has been said for over fifty years past, at every step in our factory legislation, I have little fears. Still, if any industry of ours was really threatened, I would not hesitate to listen to the counsels which both our French and German authorities give, and make new treaties of commerce, in which not merely merchants and their goods should be mutually protected, but the servants of the merchants and the makers of the goods. And if a country was recalcitrant,

the shades of a dozen Cobdens or Adam Smiths should not hinder us from excluding its goods from every land under our control, and all our allies from doing the same, till it mended its ways, made its workshops healthy, forbade the employment of young children, and shortened the hours of labour, till they were in reasonable correspondence with that of the other countries. Whatever we may think in general of Free Trade versus Protection, this kind of Protection, this *socialer Schutzzoll* ought to have our complete approval.

Freed from the fear of foreign competition, we are better able to apprehend and to approve the third and fourth French resolutions recommending permanent instead of precarious relations between masters and workmen. In England the law gives a general permission, with trifling exceptions, for any man, however technically or financially incompetent, to set up any business anywhere, to hire any number of workmen, to pay them any wages, to sell at any price, to ruin his neighbours by reckless competition, and then (when the crash comes) to dismiss all the workmen, though they number thousands, and to be absolutely without any responsibility of what becomes of them afterwards. Now I have no hesitation in saying that all honest traders, builders and manufacturers have a right to be protected not against *bona fide* competition, but against foolhardy competition; and that all workpeople have a right to be protected against being ruined by rash speculations over which they have no control. Let us, then, make a law that any person starting a fresh business or enlarging an old business, so that more than a certain number of workpeople are employed, shall deposit a sum of money sufficient to give them, say, six months' support in case of the works being stopped or the business failing. But let every employer be exempt from this obligation who can show that he has adequately secured his workmen against the danger of being without work. For the right of the Government to exact caution money no longer exists if the workpeople are secured in some other way; it is in fact much better for them to be secured by private associations, in the nature of guilds, than for Government to have to interfere; and one of the great uses of the proposed law would be to foster the growth of guilds.

The foregoing proposal regards financial capacity; but we also want a law regarding technical capacity, which would, besides, have much effect in checking rash speculation, and securing permanent relations between masters and workmen.

Let no one be allowed to act as employer or foreman, in any business where the want of technical capacity is likely to be injurious to any one's health, life, or limbs, unless he has passed a suitable examination. All builders, plumbers, and engineers would come under this law (which is, I believe, partly in force in Germany), and an end would be made to that evil race of densely ignorant, dishonest, speculative, petty builders, who have disfigured the face of our country, and filled innumerable homes with suffering and sickness. But also almost all mines, and many factories, would be affected by this law. Only just as in the other case, let there be no needless meddling; for only in default of belonging to some guild, corporation, or league, that requires proof of technical capacity from its members, can you be rightly compelled to pass a Government examination. And so this second law, like the first, would act as an encouragement to masters and men to join together in guilds, instead of leaguings against each other, or struggling in isolation. It may be added that the recommendation to set up courts of arbitration is more needful the less the relations of master and workman are confined to the barbarous simplicity of giving and receiving so much money for so many hours or pieces of work. Ordinary courts are sufficient to deal with the breaches of such a contract. But when masters and men are bound together, as they should be, by a number of ties, have undertaken many mutual obligations, and are joint members of the same institutions, it becomes needful in order to avert or settle disputes, to have at hand a court of competent men, representing both workmen and masters, to settle, promptly and cheaply, each question as it arises.

So far, so good. But I may be told that I have only touched a portion of the difficulty, and that every existing business, however many workmen it may employ, and however insecure may be its financial position, is so far left alone, and no precautions enforced against the loss of employment to thousands of workmen by its collapse. This is true, and therefore we must go forward and take steps that may ultimately make the great mass of workmen secure. Of course it would be unjust to enforce instantly on all employers the precautions I have suggested should be exacted from all new undertakings. They have received or purchased their business with no anticipation of such a charge, and could fairly claim compensation from Government if they were forced immediately to deposit caution money to insure their work-people in case of being out of work. But

then, while avoiding one injustice, you would fall into another. For you would take money from all for the benefit of one class; in particular, you would tax petty dealers and independent artisans for the sake of employers and workmen in *la grande industrie*. The truth is, that social diseases cannot be cured in an instant, and you require in these matters to go a little more slowly. All that is wanted to prevent injustice in this particular case, is to impose the obligation gradually. Let us say for example, that after an interval of five years, a small deposit must be paid, and be followed by small yearly instalments, till in the course of ten or fifteen years the whole sum is paid, that is, a sum sufficient to provide support for all the work-people for six months. When once the obligation was fully established, it is plain how it would greatly check the injurious practice of taking on and turning off hands according to the so-called exigencies of trade, as though they were gas or water. An employer would hesitate to take on fresh men without good cause, when he would be compelled to deposit caution-money for each of them. He would hesitate—not to dismiss bad workmen and replace them by others—but to lessen the total number of his workmen. For then, those whom he had dismissed would have to be supported, if they could find no other work, for half a year. And if this were the state of the law, our employers, being men of sense, would soon find means of providing for genuine emergencies. Not being tempted to the evil practices of making their men work overtime, or taking on temporary hands, they would, for example, arrange with each other to mutually lend their workmen in case of need, or would employ a permanent body of men at some subsidiary occupation, who could take a hand on an emergency, in the workshop or on the farm. I say a farm on purpose; for the law ought to apply equally wherever it is needed; and if a farmer turns off his labourers in bad weather, or a gentleman of fashion turns off his grooms at the end of the London season, both must be responsible for the immediate future of their former servants. The deposit of caution-money is perhaps only needful in the case of trade and industry; but the former master of domestic or agricultural servants must be at least responsible that they do not, within six months, become a charge upon the ratepayers. And do not say this will be a check to industry, and fill life with restrictions. It will only be a check on cruelty, folly, or thoughtlessness. Men and manners will adapt themselves to the circum-

stances, and our conduct will take its shape from the law till we are scarce conscious of an obligation. Neither will our domestic life be fettered, or our industry burdened. For example, if a gentleman requires grooms, or gillies, or boatmen, or any other servants, for only a few months each year, he will ascertain, before engaging them, what means of livelihood they have during the remaining months, and not, as now, leave them, for all he knows, to starve, or to come upon the parish in the interval. He will have to take his share in organizing, instead of helping to disorganize labour. And remember, when there is a universal obligation, there will be abundant agencies to help to fulfil it. Again, in the country the owners and farmers of land are well aware, beforehand, that they will require extra labour for hay-making and harvesting, and all that will happen, if you forbid them to get this labour in a bad way, is that they will get it in a good way. They will cease to employ nomad labourers, who may infect the neighbourhood with vice; they will cease to compel or encourage overwork, and pay exorbitant wages, that are instantly dissipated in drink; and they will fall back on older and better methods of service. For example, they will make as small as they can the difference between the amount of labour required at different seasons of the year, and will keep a larger permanent staff of workmen; they will co-operate with each other, farms where the harvest is earlier, borrowing labour from farms where the harvest is later, and repaying the debt in due course; above all, they will restore the class of cottiers, village tradesmen, and village artisans, habitually engaged in their shops and gardens, but forming a reserve of labour for the busy times of the agricultural year.

But I must not lose myself amid details. Once let the true nature of the relation of master and workman be grasped, once let the principle of responsibility be recognized by opinion and law, and the applications will follow easily.

Thus in addition to the precautions I have already recommended, there must be others taken against sickness or accident. But this is comparatively easy, as there are plenty of excellent offices where you can insure your workpeople against these calamities—and you will be quick to do it if you are made responsible—but you would search in vain for an office to insure them against being out of work. And if I am asked what is to be done with old people past work and with young people who are idle vagabonds and won't work, I must beg leave to treat one

subject at a time, and my present subject is how to help the genuine unemployed, that is, those who are seeking but cannot find work. For them the measures I have suggested are, I think, neither inadequate or Utopian; and they are nothing more than those French and German resolutions on compulsory insurance adapted to the circumstances of England.² And, in conformity with those resolutions, let me once more repeat, that I am recommending no iron and uniform rules, suppressing all local variety and private action. On the contrary the Government is only to step in when there has been a dereliction of duty or there is imminent risk of injury. If it finds a man out of work and starving, it ought to interpose and make the right person find him work or food. It interposes now, only in quite a wrong way, offering the man and his family a place worse (I am speak-

² A few words are due, at least in a note, to the suggestive proposal made by Captain R. T. Hildyard, R.E., in the *Times*, November 14, 1883, and of which no one, so far as I could find, ever took any notice. Having had much experience in the manufacturing districts of England, he is deeply impressed with the evils caused among the poorer classes by their improvidence; and instead of preaching at them, he sensibly observes that this improvidence is stamped into their character by the uncertainty of their employment; and that education is no remedy, witness the fact of highly educated people, in particular men of literature, being proverbially improvident, and from the same cause. He makes his proposal in the following words: "What is the use of talking about homes when weekly tenements are the rule for the masses of the people; more steady employment is the cure for this state of things, and this can only result from capital taking its proper place as a buffer between those it attracts round it in times of prosperity, and the misery which follows when trade fails. What I would now suggest is merely that all workmen should be taken on yearly engagements. The men would then know what their prospects were; floating town populations would cease to exist, weekly tenements would no longer be the rule, homes, properly so-called, would be multiplied, and philanthropists would really have something on which to work. . . . If trade is hampered, it must adjust itself to the new order of things. Instead of over-production in good times and working off surplus stock in bad times, the process will have to be reversed—in good times the supply will be behind the demand; in bad times the working man will be employed in accumulating stock, so that the manufacturer will be able to take advantage of good trade when it comes."

I think this proposal of Captain Hildyard's too drastic indeed, too simple and unbending for the many complications of industrial life, and that it would be almost impossible to enforce it. Still it undoubtedly touches the root of the evil of non-employment, and thus contrasts very favourably with Mr. Blackley's schemes of compulsory national insurance (socialistic by the way), which make no provision for those out of work, or with the mere palliatives of a labour-bureau and kindred measures (good enough in their way and deserving our sympathy and support, but still mere palliatives), recently proposed as "a practical scheme for the relief of the unemployed," by the Labour and Aid Society (*Times*, May 8, 1886). The end that Captain Hildyard has in view would, I hope, be reached by the proposals given in the text; and more surely and easily than by the way he proposes. They would, I may add, certainly encourage the long engagements he wishes to see universal.

ing literally, not metaphorically or sensationally) than a prison, and making those pay for him who were in no way responsible for his calamity. Then again, the exaction of caution-money by Government is only to be made in default of adequate provision for the future of the work-people. No rights are violated, and, in particular, no injury is done to the invaluable right of private association for all lawful objects. On the contrary, the union of masters and workmen in joint associations is fostered, and the Government keeps its proper place of supporting and supplementing private good works, and not supplanting them. So these proposals, be they practicable or not, have at least no taint of State Socialism. For State Socialism does not simply mean that the Government shall be paternal: every Christian Government ought (in the proper sense) to be that; but it means that the Government is to have the monopoly of paternity, is to be the one father providing for all, recognizing no property or rights other than as flowing from itself, and itself undertaking at its own pleasure, education, almsgiving and industry; all private teaching, private charity, and private undertakings being merely tolerated, and liable at any time to expropriation or simple suppression. But the resolutions of the French and German Catholics, given in this paper, and the suggestions for England based on them, are radically opposed to State omnipotence and State monopoly; they only ask that the duties of a Christian Government be fulfilled. Of course I am not saying they are sufficient, there is much more to be done. Still, you must begin somewhere, and if these measures are once adopted, it will be much easier to make other reforms, especially to deal with those two crying evils, the state of the dwellings of the poorer classes, and the state of our Poor Laws. Like other social reforms, indeed, these will be of little avail without the spread of the Christian religion; and the appetites of an infidel population are an insatiable gulf which no benefits, and no social legislation, can ever fill up. But then, as I have said before, it is precisely these reforms which will sweep away some of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of England.

C. S. DEVAS.

At what Age can Children choose their own Religion?

AT what age can children choose their own religion according to English law? This is a question which is frequently asked, and the state of things which gives rise to it is generally brought about by a mixed marriage. An arrangement as to the religion in which the children (if any), the offspring of the intended union, are to be brought up, has perhaps been arrived at after much discussion and disagreement, and all uncertainty on this head having apparently been removed, the marriage takes place amidst the usual rejoicings and hopes of happiness. But unfortunately, experience of these cases has shown, that after the birth of children, it is only in very rare instances that things continue to go smoothly. For as a rule the parent who, for the sake of facilitating the marriage arrangements, or for whatever other reason, consented to have the children reared in a form of religion which he or she does not profess, is sure sooner or later to repent of the bargain, and a quarrel thereupon ensues, which too frequently ends in painful and distressing litigation.

The parent who has the greater influence over the child, naturally inquires at what age young people are at liberty to choose their own religion, hoping that in the instance in question, when that age is reached and the choice made, the difficulty will be settled in the manner desired. A not unfrequent answer to the question is, that the choice may be made at sixteen.

It is proposed in the following short paper to consider generally the law of this country as to the custody of infants (that is, persons under the age of twenty-one years), and particularly with regard to its bearing upon their religious training.

We shall consider, first, whether there is any foundation for the assertion that a child of sixteen can choose his or her own religion, and under this head we shall be led to state the rights and remedies of the father, and to discuss one of his

remedies. Secondly, we shall deal with the other and chief remedy which is in the father's hands, and shall see the manner in which the court acts (a) during the father's lifetime and (b) after his death.

I.

The law does not compel a father to bring up his child in any particular form of religion, neither does it say anything about the child, whatever age it may have attained, choosing its own religion. It is only indirectly that the position of children of sixteen is at all different from that of those of any lower age.

The father is entitled to the custody, control, and services of his children until they attain twenty-one, and (subject as hereafter mentioned) he may even, as against the mother, place them with another person, or put restrictions on their intercourse with her.

He has two remedies or methods of enforcing his right (1) by *habeas corpus*, and (2) in equity, by making his children wards of court.

What is the nature of the father's remedy upon *habeas corpus*?

A writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum* may be directed to any person who detains another in custody, ordering him to produce the body of such person, with a true statement of the time of his caption, and the cause of his detention. If, therefore, a child has been wrongfully detained, the father or guardian can apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and so compel its production by the wrong-doer, and if the child has not arrived at years of discretion, which may be taken to be fourteen in the case of boys and sixteen in that of girls, it will, as a general rule, be ordered to be delivered up to the father; but when this magic period has been reached it will be allowed to choose for itself where it will go.

This is perhaps the origin of the notion that children can choose their own religion at the age of sixteen; yet it only amounts to this, that if a child who has reached the age of discretion is out of the custody of the father or guardian, the law will not compel it to return to that custody, but will allow it to go where it pleases; and the reason is, that the question before the court upon *habeas corpus* is, whether the person is in illegal custody without his consent; if he consents, the very ground of the application falls away, now children can consent

at the ages above mentioned, and if they do, the court will no more interfere with their choice than it will with that of any other person.¹

II.

We now come to the remedy of the father in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The father may invoke the aid of the law by making his child a ward of court at any time before it attains twenty-one.

The origin of the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery over infants has been a matter of some doubt on which the learned have differed, but it has of late years been generally admitted that it sprang from the right of the Crown, as *parens patriæ*, to protect those who were unable to take care of themselves. But whatever may have been its origin, the House of Lords held in 1828 that there could be no doubt about the jurisdiction which had been unhesitatingly exercised for one hundred and fifty years.² It may therefore be said to rest on a firm foundation. It will not, however, as a rule, be exercised unless the infant be made a ward of court, and there be property to act upon, because the court cannot take upon itself the maintenance of all the children in the kingdom, and it can exercise the jurisdiction usefully and practically only, when it has the means of doing so.³

(a) During the lifetime of the father the court will uphold his authority, and strengthen his hands; great caution will be observed in interfering with him, for his authority, as the late Lord O'Hagan observed, to guide and govern the education of his children, is a very sacred thing, bestowed by the Almighty, and to be sustained to the uttermost by human law, and not to be abrogated or abridged without the most coercive reason.⁴ It is given to the father not for his own benefit, but for that of his children, and it is for this reason that he cannot bind himself by contract to exercise his rights in any particular way; hence the valueless nature, at any rate during his lifetime, of a promise made by him, whether before or after marriage, that his children shall be brought up in any particular religion. Such a promise is not legally binding. The court will be very loath to interfere with the paternal authority, even when it does not altogether approve of the father's method of dealing with his children; the

¹ See judgments of Court of Appeal in 24 Ch.D. 326, 331, 336, 7.

² Per Lord Redesdale, 2 Bligh. N.S. 128.

³ Per Lord Eldon, 2 Russ. 1. The usual course is to settle £100 on the child.

⁴ Ir. R. 5 Eq. 98.

responsibility will be left on the parent because, as a general rule, he knows far better than a court of justice what is good for his child. "Fancy," said Lord Justice Bowen, "the position of a child, with its father living, which the court endeavours to bring up by judicial machinery, instead of leaving it to be brought up by parental care. Judicial machinery is quite inadequate to the task of educating children in this country. It can correct abuses, and it can interfere to correct the parental caprice, and it does interfere when the natural guardian of the child ceases to be the natural guardian, and shows by his conduct that he has become an unnatural guardian; but to interfere further would be to ignore the one principle which is the most fundamental of all in the history of mankind, and owing to the full play of which man has become what he is."⁵

Where, however, it has been shown either that the father was unfit to remain the custodian, or that his so remaining would be a serious injury to the child, the court has always deprived him of the custody and appointed a guardian to supersede him; but the case for interference has to be plain and stringent, and this course is adopted only when it is almost essential to the safety or welfare of the child in some very serious and important respect.⁶

No question of the father's conduct towards the mother was formerly entertained, unless his offences against her were shown to be an injury to the children. This was often productive of great hardship to the mother; for, however much she might have been injured by her husband, she was precluded from seeking justice by the terror of that power which the law gave him of taking her children from her; moreover, it was desirable that judges should have in other respects a larger discretion as to the custody of infants, at least as between father and mother. Accordingly, in the second year of the present reign, by a statute known as Serjeant Talfourd's Act, a new jurisdiction was given to the Court of Chancery which has now been transferred to all the judges of the High Court of Justice, that is to say, an absolute discretionary power as to the parent's access to and the custody of the infant, on the application of the mother when the child was under seven years of age; and this power was by an Act of 1873 (Lord Chelmsford's Act) extended to cases where the child was under sixteen. Although these two Acts

⁵ L. R. 24 Ch.D. at p. 337.

⁶ Per Sir J. Knight-Bruce, 2 De G. and Sm. 474.

(the latter of which repealed the former) conferred the power in the most ample terms, yet, like every other power given to a judge, it is of course to be exercised on judicial grounds, not capriciously, but for substantial reasons, and the points to be considered are (1) the paternal right, (2) the marital duty, and (3) the interest of the children.

The great change hereby effected is, that whereas formerly the court looked only at the paternal right, and marital misconduct was taken into consideration only if it were of a very gross character, and if it injured the children, the Legislature by these Acts gave a new protection to the wife, and an extended protection to the children. The court will still give effect to the paternal right, unless there has been so grave a breach of the marital duty that it would not be proper to give effect to it, or unless the interests of the infants require an interference with it.

The late Mr. Justice Pearson thus referred to the marital duty: "I say most distinctly that persons who choose to enter the sacred bonds of marriage, not only undertake to conduct themselves to one another so that they shall fulfil the vows which they have taken at the altar, but also take upon themselves a responsibility towards such children as they may have, so to live that those children shall have that to which they are entitled, the benefit of the joint care and affection of both father and mother, and neither of them is entitled so to act as to deprive the children of that which they have thus guaranteed to them."⁹

The court, therefore, will now suspend the rights of the father, not only as formerly, where it is "essential to the safety or the welfare of the children," but also where their interests require it.

(b) An Act of Charles the Second enables a father by deed or will to appoint a guardian to his children until they attain the age of twenty-one. And in the case of a testamentary guardian, there being no natural duty or natural right, the court will interfere much more readily than it will while the father is alive, for it is then a case of mere and pure trust, which is essentially under the jurisdiction of the court, and under a jurisdiction always exercised with the widest judicial discretion.¹⁰

Although a father cannot dictate in what religion his child is to be educated, so as absolutely to bind the court after his death, still he can generally carry out his wishes indirectly, by ex-

⁹ 25 Ch. D. at p. 229.

¹⁰ 10 Ch. D. at p. 74.

pressing them in his will and appointing a guardian of the religion in which he desires his child to be reared, and his expressed or implied wishes will have great weight with the court, whose first consideration will be the interest and welfare of the child, and no preference will be given to one form of Christianity over another; for the court looks upon the Catholic Faith and Protestantism, as equally beneficial to the child to this extent—that it considers the hope of eternal salvation does not depend upon the circumstance whether the child professes one religion or the other, but upon the manner in which he fulfils his duties upon earth.¹¹

In the absence of any expression of wish on the part of the father, the child will be brought up in the religion which that parent professed; the rule being, that the Court, or any persons who have the guardianship after the father's death, should have sacred regard to his opinions in dealing with the child, and, unless under very special circumstances, should see that it is brought up in the father's religion whatever it may have been.¹²

Pecuniary considerations are insufficient to justify a departure from these rules, for, if the court were to exercise a discretion on such a ground, it would be difficult to say what was to be the extent of the pecuniary benefit which would require its interference, what was to be the price of the child's faith. The court will not allow that faith to be a matter of barter.¹³

The principal case for departing from the established rules, is where a child has already for some time been instructed in a form of religion other than that pointed out or practised by the father, and has received impressions to a depth and extent which would, in the opinion of the judge, render dangerous and improper any attempt at important changes in them, lest all religious faith should be unsettled. Thus, in a well known case, both parents had been Catholics, and the boy, whose education was under consideration, had been born a week after his father's death, and for five years was educated as a Catholic. At this period the mother became a Protestant, and thenceforth the religious training of the child was changed. No steps, however, were taken in the matter by the father's family until four years later, when they sought to have the boy brought up as a Catholic. But the Lords Justices held that the child's tranquillity of mind, health and spiritual welfare would be too likely to suffer

¹¹ Per Sir J. Romilly, M.R. 34 Be. 257. ¹² Per James L.J. L.R. 6 ch. 541.

¹³ Per Lord Cottenham, L.C. 4 M. and C. 672.

from any attempt to remove his Protestant impressions, and that to adopt such a course would be dangerous and improper.¹⁴ The Lord Justice Knight-Bruce at the same time expressed his opinion that there had been a failure of duty towards the deceased father on the part of the members of his family, and that if an application to the court had been made before the child had received a religious bias, a Catholic education would have been ordered. Such an order was in fact made in another case, even although there was some bias in the infant's mind; the facts were shortly as follows: A Catholic father (the mother being a Protestant), had by will appointed three priests guardians to his child, and directed that he should be brought up as a Catholic. It was asserted by the Protestant relations that the boy, then twelve years old, had a dislike to Catholicism, and a great leaning to Protestantism. Vice-Chancellor Wood, however, after a conversation with the infant, was of opinion that, though he had strong religious impressions, there was none of that excessive morbid sensibility on religious subjects, especially as to attending Mass and confession, which, according to the affidavits of the Protestant relations, would render any attempt to bring him up in the Catholic Faith dangerous to his morals and injurious to his health. His Honour held that the case fell within the ordinary rule, and that the course of education pursued by the father must be continued, though subject to great caution, and he therefore expressed a desire to see the guardians in private on the matter.¹⁵

In all the cases where judges have forbidden the disturbance of what they considered to be settled convictions in children, though the opinions which had been inculcated were at variance with those of the father, the infants in question have been under the control of guardians, the fathers being dead, and there is no instance in which during the lifetime of the father the Court has interfered with his discretion as to a change in the religious teaching of his child. "I have been able," said Lord O'Hagan, "to find no authority expressly determining that in such circumstances, and for such a reason, the parent should be dealt with as the guardian may be. In such circumstances, and for such a reason, it does not appear that a parent has ever been in fact deprived of the control of his offspring. And although the principle of the decisions based upon the interests of the children, and the peril of their destruction might seem to reach equally to their protection as against the parent and his repre-

¹⁴ 8 D. M. and G 760.¹⁵ 10 W.R. 245.

sentative after his death, and some judicial dicta are in accordance with that view, still the will of the living father ought to be more regarded than the presumed authority of the father in his grave, who can judge no longer of the position of his children, or discharge towards them his great responsibilities in possibly altering and changing circumstances, or dictate the best mode of dealing with them ; and at the very least, it would seem reasonable that the circumstances warranting the denial of the father's continuing and direct control should be, if possible, stronger and clearer than those which might be sufficient to nullify the guardian's delegated power." ¹⁶

The practice which formerly obtained of the Judge privately examining the child to ascertain whether or not it had received strong religious impressions, has of late been discountenanced as not being conducive to the child's welfare, but tending to inculcate controversial opinions in its mind. The opinions of children of not more than eight or nine will be disregarded. Over that age the court will consider them, but will be slow to examine the infant.

Another ground for the intervention of the court after the father's death, is where that parent has waived or abandoned his right to have his child brought up in his own religion, and in deciding the question whether he has or has not so waived his right, the fact that before marriage he made an agreement that the children should be reared in a different religion from his own, will have great weight. If, upon the whole evidence, it appears that the father has abandoned his right in this respect, the court will look only to what it considers will be for the welfare of the child, and may order a continuation of the course of training hitherto pursued, even when it does not consider that a change back to the father's religion would involve any danger to the infant.

The results of our investigations may be thus summarized :

1. There is no authority for the proposition that a child can choose its own religion at the age of sixteen.
2. The father may invoke the assistance of the law (1) by writ of *habeas corpus*, and (2) by making the child a ward of court.
3. The court will not, without grave reason, interfere with the father's authority over his children, and even on the application of the mother, it will uphold the paternal right, unless there has been a grave breach of the marital duty, or the interests of the

¹⁶ Ir. R. 5 Eq. 98.

children for some other reason require that it should be interfered with.

4. A promise of a father to bring up his children in any particular form of religion is not legally binding upon him, but it may be evidence after his death of his having waived his paternal right.

5. The court will interfere with a guardian more readily than with the father.

6. The father's wishes with regard to the religion of his children will have great weight with the court after his death, and will be carried out except under special circumstances.

7. When the father has before his death expressed no wish, the child will be brought up in the father's religion, except under special circumstances.

Attempts have recently been made to give the mother greater rights with regard to her children, and two bills, introduced into the House of Commons and House of Lords respectively, went so far as to propose that the parents should have equal rights as to the control of their children during their joint lives. There were obvious difficulties in adopting such a measure. After some discussion both the bills fell to the ground, but we must expect before long some modification of the law in the direction of giving the mother the guardianship of the children after the father's death, and to this there would seem to be no objection on principle.

W. C. MAUDE.

NOTE.—The following proposals are now before the Lords in a Bill brought from the Commons on the 6th of May :

Sec. 2. On the death of the father (and if the father be dead before the passing of the Act, then from the passing of the Act) the mother, surviving, shall be the guardian either alone or jointly with the guardian (if any) appointed by the father. The Court to have power, if there be no guardian appointed by the father, to appoint one to act jointly with the mother.

Sec. 3. (1) The mother to have power by deed or will to appoint a guardian to act after the death of herself and the father, and where guardians are appointed by both parents they are to act jointly. (2) The mother to have power provisionally to appoint a person to be guardian after her death jointly with the father, and the Court to have power to confirm this appointment if it be shown that the father is unfitted to be sole guardian.

Sec. 5. The Court to have power upon the application of the mother to make orders as to the custody of, and the right of access of either parent to, the infant, having regard to the welfare of the infant, the conduct of the parents and the wishes as well of the mother as of the father, with power to alter such orders as circumstances may require.

“*Through the British Empire.*”¹

III.

ON his voyage from Australia to India, Baron von Hübner paid a short visit to Java and its capital, Batavia, the centre of the Dutch East Indian possessions. The narrative of this visit finds a place, not inaptly, in this record of travel in the British Empire, for it gives us a picture of an Eastern Empire still organized and worked upon the lines of a policy which has long been abandoned in our own colonies and foreign possessions. Before taking us with him to India, Baron von Hübner shows how another European people governs distant territories with the frankly avowed object of simply making them pay a good annual return to the treasury at home. The picture heightens by contrast that of our own rule in India.

In December, 1883, two days before Christmas, he reached Batavia. He had seen from the steamer's deck, as she traversed the Straits of Bali and the Java Sea, long white lines of floating pumice stones, extending for miles upon the waves, relics of the great eruption of Krakatoa in the preceding summer. The blue distant cones of Salak and Gedé, volcanoes of Alpine height towering behind Batavia, tell of equal volcanic activity in earlier ages. They have now been extinct for centuries. At Batavia, as everywhere else, he notes what his friends have to tell him of the affairs of the country; here are some of the results of his investigations:

I have made some agreeable acquaintances and all show the greatest readiness to answer my inquiries. “Dutch rule in the Indies,” they tell me, “is founded on monopoly and forced labour. This is contrary to modern ideas, but the system suits governors and governed. Take, for example, the coffee monopoly. In some places the Government cultivate it at their own expense, in others the townships are bound to plant it and to sell the produce to the Government at a fixed price of fourteen florins the *pickel*, which is sold again by the administrator on the

¹ *Through the British Empire.* By Baron von Hübner, formerly Austrian Ambassador in Paris and Rome. Two volumes. London: Murray, 1886.

Government's account at the rate of thirty-five or forty florins. No one is entitled to keep for his own consumption a stock of more than three kilogrammes, or about six and a half pounds. The consequence of this is that sometimes, when the supply of coffee of the finest quality stored in the State warehouses is exhausted, coffee has to be sent for from Holland. This is not pleasant, but, as the advantages of the system outweigh the inconveniences, nobody finds fault with it.

The native Sultans of various districts, for whom the people have a great attachment, are kept on by the Colonial Government as local administrators, with good salaries. They have charge of the native police, and a jurisdiction over a large number of cases, but all the while a Dutch resident or agent sees that they do not overstep their functions. In Java the people are perfectly contented, but this cannot be said of all the other islands. Taxation is light, the forced labour not excessive, and no pains are spared to impress the native mind with a full sense of the superiority of their European rulers. Thus, he was told by his Dutch friends that :

"The natives, whatever their social position, are obliged to wear the silk handkerchief of the country round their heads and the *sarong*² round their waist ; they are strictly forbidden to wear boots and shoes like Europeans. The whites in speaking to the natives, even to those who understand Dutch, always make use of the Malay languages, and the natives would never venture to address a white in any European tongue whatever. The strictness of Asiatic etiquette which still prevails in the interior, has been somewhat relaxed of late years in Batavia ; but the maintenance of prestige, and the recognition by the natives of the superiority of the white race, form, together with monopoly and forced labour, the fundamental principles of our Government. It is the old system of colonial rule, the efficiency of which has been proved. Now for nearly three centuries a handful of Dutch have been governing millions of Asiatics. In British India these customs were abandoned fifty years ago, and an epoch of humanitarianism inaugurated instead. Will this new system stand the test of experience?"

Those who were present during this conversation, all Dutchmen, unanimously agreed with my friend, but not without expressing their fear of seeing the spirit of innovation invade the Indo-Dutch Empire.

To put the matter plainly, Holland still governs her colonies and foreign possessions with a view to making them sources of revenue to the home exchequer, while our colonies have been gradually admitted to all but independence of the home Government, and even India is only indirectly a source of wealth to the

² A kind of short skirt.

country in whose name it is ruled. But England's position is certainly in this matter a nobler and a worthier one than that of Holland, and as long as we can say this, we need not trouble ourselves about the question as to which method "pays best" from a purely material point of view.

Proceeding on his way to India, Baron von Hübner reached Singapore on January 5, 1884. He was struck by the changes which had taken place since his first visit in 1871. Singapore had been much improved during the interval. An unhealthy tract of marsh-land had been drained, and covered with the buildings of a new and populous quarter of the town. But the chief change he noticed was the growing predominance of the Chinese population. A steady stream of Chinese immigrants is pouring year after year into Singapore. Some of them settle there, and street after street reminds the traveller of Canton; but still more of them make Singapore only their landing-place, they push on into the country beyond it; to use Baron von Hübner's own expression, they are "overrunning" the Malay Peninsula, which they are rapidly transforming into a Chinese country. We have heard something lately of the expansion of England—the expansion of China is creating some very tangled questions for the politician and the economist, and will afford a striking subject for some future historian.

On board the steamer *Yang-Tse*, which carried him from Singapore to Ceylon, our traveller, ever on the look out for information, makes a note about Japan :

Among the passengers is a Japanese official, who has been sent abroad to study the maritime defences of the various European States. This young man, in speaking of the death of the great reformer and Prime Minister, Iwakura, whom I saw at work after his first public appearance in 1871, added, "My Government are beginning to understand that they have gone too fast, and that the people have some difficulty in following them in the reform inaugurated by the illustrious Iwakura." This is just what I have always thought.

The account of a visit to Ceylon, includes an interesting description of the High Mass at Kandy in a church crowded with natives; a visit to a Buddhist monastery; and an excursion in the mountains. As to the dispositions of the people, the result of his observations and inquiries, was that they were contented with British rule, being to a certain extent indifferent as to their masters; their chief grievance being the regular systematic collection of the taxes, alike in bad seasons and good, which makes

them sometimes talk regretfully of their old masters, the native rajahs, rulers who, although they would fleece their subjects unmercifully in good years, were ready to forego the taxes in bad times. This irregular system seems more natural and reasonable to the eastern mind, than our mechanical and highly organized European methods.

From Ceylon, Baron von Hübner went on to Madras, and here began that portion of his travels for the sake of which he had chiefly left Europe. He came to India well prepared to understand what he saw around him, for in a long and active life he had always watched with interest the course of Indian affairs, and lost no opportunity of reading about India, and conversing with those who could speak of it from personal experience. For years he had been wishing to see with his own eyes the Indian Empire, to study on the spot the strange spectacle of a handful of Europeans ruling over an eastern land that is, in many ways, more like a continent than a single country, and now his wish was realized. He traversed the whole of India, with the exception of the extreme south, landing at Madras, travelling across the Deccan to Bombay, then going northward, through Rajpootana to the Punjab, and then eastward, along the Ganges to Calcutta, with an expedition again to the northward to Darjeeling, in order to have a glimpse of the Himalayas. While in the south he went into Mysore with Mr. Grant Duff, and a little later, by invitation of Lord Ripon, witnessed the installation of the Nizam at Hyderabad. Thus he saw something of the two chief native states, and he devotes many pages to a very interesting account of the relations of the Indian Government with the feudatory princes.

Instead of attempting to follow Baron von Hübner step by step in his Indian travels, we shall here content ourselves with a few extracts on some of the many interesting topics with which he deals, noting that, here as elsewhere, his pages are filled, not only with acute criticism and thoughtful discussion of political and social questions, but also with lively and picturesque descriptions, which give the reader a real living impression of the scenes of the far east. Palace and temple, city and country, and the living men and women that crowd the street, and labour in the field, are sketched with a master hand. Our author is undoubtedly an artist in words.

First, let us take some passages that deal with the working and results of our educational system in India. Baron von

Hübner is at Conjeveram, where he has gone to see its famous Vaishnavite temples. He is talking to his host, the collector or magistrate (a Hindoo), and two of the Brahmans :

The conversation becomes more and more lively. I ask the only one of the two Brahmans who knows English, and who is able, therefore, to answer my questions freely, "Do you believe in Vishnu?" "No," said he, "I have lost my faith." "Where and when?" "In the college at Madras, while learning English." "You don't, then, believe in anything?" "Yes, I believe that there is perhaps a God, who will reward or punish me in another world, according to my merits or demerits. But I must conceal my opinions from my family and friends, and keep on going to the temple, otherwise I should lose my caste. The Brahmans who have not studied at the English colleges, are all believers. They make idols, and then believe sincerely in the divinity of their handiwork." All this was said in perfect simplicity, in the presence of a member of his own caste, who could not understand what he was saying, as well as of the collector, a former pupil of the same college, who understood well enough, but took care to say nothing.

So much for the Brahmans ; now let us take a somewhat similar conversation with a Mussulman, a little later on, at Bombay :

A friend introduced me to a young Mussulman Indian, who has studied in London and Paris. Sent to Europe when quite young ; he speaks English perfectly. We talked together, and in the course of a conversation, which, from the first, took a serious turn, I asked him, "Do you believe in what the Mahomedan religion enjoins you to believe?" "European civilization contains nothing that is contrary to my creed." This was not an answer. "Do you believe that Mahomet was the prophet of God?" "Yes, why not? What he taught was the symbol of philosophical truth." Further than this he would not commit himself. "What do you think of the Brahmans? Do they believe in their innumerable gods?" "No, they are too enlightened for that. Those who have passed through English schools cannot help seeing that the idols are simply the symbols of philosophical truth." Symbols again ! I begged him to tell me what he understood by this term. He tried in vain to find an answer. Vexation and embarrassment, and if I am not much mistaken, doubt, were depicted on his mild and intellectual countenance. Yes, he seemed to be doubtful about his symbol, and I immediately changed the conversation. I am told he is one of the most intelligent and best informed men of his class, but a vague and meaningless term suffices him to explain everything.

Probably these two men, the Hindoo and the Mussulman, are types of a large class. Our European system of education

simply takes from the young Indian the belief of his fathers, without putting much else in its place, or it gives him a number of conventional phrases which he repeats with a comforting assurance that he is philosophizing about religion, and is on a level with the advanced thought of his white teachers. As for the political aspect of the question—Baron von Hübner makes some shrewd notes in his journal at Poona :

The Deccan College is a handsome structure. In the spacious hall I found a dozen young Hindoos, from eighteen to twenty years of age, studying Bacon and Shakespeare ! This evening they are going to debate at a public sitting the subject of "The English in India." This seems to me to be a somewhat delicate subject at Poona. Every one talks to me of English prestige, and they are quite right in doing so, for nothing but prestige could ever enable a handful of civilians, and sixty or seventy thousand English soldiers, to keep in check two hundred and fifty million Indians. But is prestige any the better for this kind of juvenile dissertation ? "Have the students," I asked one of the young English professors, "full freedom of speech at those academical discussions ?" "Absolute freedom," was his reply. This confidence, and this regard for the liberty of the individual, seems to me very fine ; but is it prudent to allow the question of the *presence* of the English in India to be discussed by young Mahrattas, whose devotion to England is at least doubtful ? Might they not some day put down on their list of subjects for debate, the question of your *departure* ?

Again a little later, after quoting the opinion of some of his Indian friends, to the effect that "the instruction we are giving to the natives is superficial ; the system altogether is bad, and the result deplorable," he adds :

I have heard this unfavourable judgment confirmed on various sides. "The native pupils," I am told, "on quitting our colleges, leave behind them all notions, all basis of morality. We have taken from them their religious beliefs, and have given them nothing instead. We have deprived them of the faculty of believing. We have converted them into Nihilists, into malcontents, and made them enemies of England." This opinion is prevalent among the Roman Catholic clergy, as well as many of the Protestant missionaries whom I have met.

The existing system of education—the central principle of which is the indoctrinating India with European ideas, has now been in operation for some fifty years, affecting an ever-widening circle in each generation. The policy of giving to the Hindoos municipal institutions, a free press, and an increasing share in administrative and judicial functions, is a natural outcome of

the policy of giving them a European education, and this is the main argument used by the defenders of what we may call the Liberal policy in India. We embarked long ago, they say, on a line of conduct which involves the eventual equality of the dark-faced millions with their white conquerors. Whether the first step was a wise one or not, matters little now, it has been taken, and cannot be withdrawn. One cannot reverse the history of fifty years. Baron von Hübner, in discussing our position in India, sums up at great length the views of both parties on this question, especially with reference to Lord Ripon's action. The discussion fills many pages; he occupies himself with reporting the conversations he had with men in India, rather than putting forward his own views, but it is evident that his sympathies are with the more cautious politicians, and that his view of India is like his view of Japan in one point, namely in the suspicion that the government has been going forward a little too rapidly in the way of introducing European ideas.

But abstracting from this controversy, and viewing the work done by England in India as a whole, he expresses the highest admiration for the results of British rule in our great Eastern Empire. At a time when so many Englishmen speak as if our presence in India was a misfortune to the races subject to our rule, Baron von Hübner's words are pleasant reading, if only by way of contrast. It may be that the veteran Austrian statesman has looked at our rule in India with the indulgent eyes of a friend, but, for all that, mingling freely as he did with men of all parties, and having no interest in an exaggerated optimism, his words do suggest that things must be much better than some of our would-be Indian reformers represent them to be. Here are a few words from the concluding pages of Baron von Hübner's account of India:

No one, even if he looks with the eye of a pessimist, which I do not, and makes a large allowance for the infirmities and weaknesses inherent in human nature, can deny that the British India of our day presents a spectacle which is unique and without a parallel in the history of the world. What do we see? Instead of periodical, if not permanent, wars, profound peace firmly established throughout the whole empire; instead of the exactions of chiefs—always greedy for gold, and not shrinking from any act of cruelty to extort it—moderate taxes, much lower than those imposed by the feudatory princes; arbitrary rule replaced by even-handed justice; the tribunals, once pro-

verbially corrupt, by upright judges whose example is already beginning to make its influence felt on native morality and notions of right ; no more Pindarris, no more armed bands of thieves ; perfect security in the cities as well as the country districts, and on all the roads ; the former bloodthirsty manners and customs now softened, and, save for certain restrictions imposed in the interests of public morality, a scrupulous regard for religious worship, and traditional usages and customs ; materially, an unexampled bound of prosperity, and even the disastrous effects of the periodical famines which afflict certain parts of the peninsula more and more diminished by the extension of railways, which facilitate the work of relief. And what has wrought all these miracles ? The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen ; the bravery and the discipline of an army composed of a small number of Englishmen and a large number of natives, led by heroes ; and lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with an integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.

But it must not be supposed that political discussions occupy the chief part of Baron von Hübner's Indian notes. Descriptions of the sights he saw, the men he met, take up a much larger space, and for many readers will afford more pleasant reading. Grave diplomatist as he is, our traveller is not above noting a joke or a funny story, and some of these stories are worth remembering. We select one which relates a very unfelicitous application of Scripture. The place is Peshawur :

Between the city and the cantonment, meadows intersected with good roads and fine avenues, alternate with cemeteries, which I did not visit. In one of the latter is buried a missionary, who has become famous not so much by his pious life and his tragical end, as by an unfortunate quotation from the Bible, which forms part of his epitaph. It runs as follows : " Here lies the Reverend . . . an American Presbyterian missionary, who was murdered by his own servant. ' Well done, good and faithful servant.' " The author, in order to make his composition intelligible to the natives, had a translation in Persian engraved on the tombstone underneath the English inscription. The Arab sculptor entrusted with the work added, also in Persian, the words, " Do not laugh "—*Risum teneatis amici*.

But before leaving India we must show our readers at least one characteristic Indian picture from the Baron's portfolio of word-painting. It is a scene in one of the temples of Benares, the most sacred of Hindoo cities :

A few steps hence is Bisheswar, or the Golden Temple, so called from its domes and the central spire above the sanctuary being covered with sheets of copper gilt. Runjeet Singh, on his death-bed, instructed his successor to roof this edifice with massive gold; but the latter compromised the matter by employing copper-gilt. This economy, however, though distasteful perhaps to the local divinities, in no way diminishes the rich but also chastened effect produced by the contrast between the gilding and the dark red colour of the sandstone. A crowd of women fills the interior of the temple. They are bringing their offerings of flowers, bowing, praying and gossiping. A huge bell hung in the courtyard constantly mingles its hoarse sounds with the confused murmur of human voices.

Behind the temple stands the sacred well of Manibarnika, filled, I am told, with the sweat of Vishnu. A multitude of men and women are casting flowers into it. The fetid smell of this stagnant water and the decomposed vegetable matter forces us to make for a doorway opening on to a small square. As a bit of local colour, nothing can be more attractive or picturesque than this little irregular space, surrounded with sacred buildings overlooked by the domes and pyramids of the Golden Temple. In the centre, on a low pedestal, stands the colossal figure of a cow, fashioned from a single block. A few steps off, a group of Fakirs sit cross-legged, around the eternal fire! For forty days and forty nights consecutively, these men are to remain seated there without budging. The heat of the fire, coupled with that of the sun during the day, has no effect on these devotees, who seem to belong to another world. Almost naked, their faces encrusted with a sort of mask of dust and perspiration, their hair dishevelled and unkempt, they look more like idols than human creatures. One of them fixes his dull lifeless eye upon me. He is quite a young man. The locks of his matted mass of hair, stiffened and as it were glued together, stand up on his low and prematurely wrinkled brow. He is as motionless as a statue. I wonder whether a breath of life exists in this bundle of fleshless bones and stunted limbs, in this naked and apparently lifeless body. What is passing in the brain and heart of those saints of the Hindoo people? They are either hypocrites I am told, or fanatics. But these easy explanations explain nothing. To me these men are living enigmas. . . . But picture to yourself this scene. It is almost but not quite dark. The rosy sky of the short but luminous Indian twilight is reflected on the gildings of the temple, spreads its warm tints upon the sanctuaries around the square and on the marble cow which stands in the centre, and seems to grow in size with the shadows of approaching night. And before you, motionless as the big idol, and lit up by the glare of the flames that threaten to devour it, sits the group of Fakirs.

In 1835, when Macaulay was inaugurating the new system of education that was to teach European ideas to young India, there

were sanguine predictions that Hindoo idolatry would soon be a thing of the past. Fifty years have gone, and a European traveller witnesses this scene in one of the fourteen hundred temples of Benares, in the midst of which stands the "English College" and the "normal school for training teachers." Somehow Indian mythology and temple worship live on, although Shakespeare and Bacon are printed in school editions with notes specially designed for little Indian scholars. Baron von Hübner notes that not one of the hundreds of temples in Benares is older than the sixteenth century, and many of them belong to the nineteenth. The Mussulman conquest in fact destroyed all the older temples, but they have risen up again. Benares is still the sacred city of the Hindoo. "The Hindoo spirit still exists. It resisted the bloody invasions of the Crescent; it resists the peaceful conquests of European civilization." Unhappily it also resists the peaceful conquests of the Cross. Only in Southern India do the Christians form an important element in the population. Everywhere else they are a handful in the midst of millions of heathens, and the poverty of the Catholic missions (a poverty due in no small degree to Catholic ignorance and indifference on the subject of missions) cripples their action and retards their progress.

IV.

After completing his survey of India, Baron von Hübner takes us with him to the scattered British possessions in the island world of the South Pacific. He made a short stay at Norfolk Island, in the strangely isolated settlement formed of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* and their Hawaiian wives,³ then he visited the Fiji Islands, and then going beyond the limits of our Empire saw something of Samoa and Hawaii. The voyage was made on board of one of our men-of-war on the Pacific station. For our first quotation from the narrative of this cruise in Polynesia, we take a page from the account of the Fijis, because it gives us in a few lines our traveller's impressions of the general aspect of these island groups. "Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea," the Laureate calls them. Baron von Hübner's description is almost as poetical, although it is founded on observation, instead of imagination.

³ One of the most powerful pieces of description in Baron von Hübner's volumes is that of his departure from Norfolk Island amid a rising gale, which made the passage of the bar in an open boat a dangerous piece of work. It is too long for quotation.

At noon our sloop clears the girdle of coral reefs, and casts anchor before Levuka, the former capital of Fiji. The town looks east, and nestles at the foot of a mountain with several peaks, which forms the island itself. Levuka consists merely of a row of cottages along the beach, built of wood and roofed with corrugated iron. Some small houses scattered on the hill-slopes stand out against the sombre background of exuberant vegetation; they are reached by wooden staircases or steep paths. Except the sky and the houses everything is green, the green of the forest which clothes hills, rocks, ravines and knolls. Nature has put only one colour on her palette, but she has with that colour painted a fascinating landscape. Look back and you see a scene of magic. In the South Pacific there is always sameness and yet always novelty. The same leading features are incessantly repeated. One is tired of describing them, one would grow tired of hearing them described, but one is never tired of contemplating them: lands either lofty or on a level with the sea, but always green: all around, a vast sheet of calm, silent water, varying in its many colours with its depth and with the position of the sun; then the white and foaming line of the reefs, and beyond this girdle the ocean, almost black by contrast with the brilliant tints of the lagoon, which resembles a necklace of turquoises, emeralds, topazes displayed on a cushion of dark silk. And lastly, in the far distance, some islands with fantastic outlines like flakes of clouds vainly struggling to detach themselves from the horizon.

Cannibalism, which has only been extirpated in the present generation in Fiji, forms an unpleasant feature in the background of those Edens of the Southern Sea. Near Levuka Baron von Hübner was shown a circle of stones, surrounding a hearth where the natives now assemble to bake bread. Once, and not long ago, they used to meet there "to cook *man*." Thakombau, the late King, when in a communicative mood, would admit that in his younger and unenlightened days he had eaten some thousand tongues of enemies slain in battle. There are even people who allege that cannibalism still occasionally occurs, and that the propensity to the practice is very deeply rooted. Our author was told in Fiji how recently while a missionary and some boys, his pupils, were taking a short voyage in a man-of-war, one of the children saw a large fish devour a little one, and immediately asked: "If fish eat fish, and insects eat insects, why should man be forbidden to eat his kind?" Without vouching for the truth of this story, we may take it as a very good illustration of an undoubted fact, namely, the persistence of savage instincts in the children of savages. There is terrible proof of this in the way in which from time to

time some boy from a missionary school, returning to his old kin, feels in his new surroundings the impulse to prove his manhood by some deed of blood.

At the present moment the condition of the islands is one of transition. They are passing from the old savagery into the position of semi-civilized states or European colonies. In some of them the savage is still in full possession, as for instance in the Solomon Islands and some of the New Hebrides, where a stranger on landing must carry his life in his hand, and probably will not be able to carry it very far. At the other end of the scale we have the Fijis, with their English Governor presiding over a council of petty chiefs, whose fathers not so many years ago, instead of out-voting an opposition leader, would have knocked his brains out and eaten him. The Europeans and Americans who are rapidly gaining a footing in all the larger groups are men of all classes, from missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, and respectable traders, down to ruffianly adventurers who come only to cheat and corrupt the savage, and whose lazy, licentious lives make them centres of misery and vice to the poor people to whom they have come like the devil's own missionaries. Another dark blot on the changing scene of this island world, is the labour traffic, often little better than a thinly disguised slave trade, a hunt for dark-skinned men and women carried on by the whites with the help of rifle and revolver. In most of the island groups the poor natives are rapidly decreasing in numbers. Baron von Hübner notes that almost the only exceptions are the two Catholic islands of Futuna and Wallis, this last ruled by a native Queen, who counts among her possessions a Brief from Pope Pius the Ninth.

Amongst the most valuable portions of Baron von Hübner's chapters on Oceanica are his very detailed study of the development of European trading establishments in the Pacific; his remarks on the working of the British High Commissionership of the Western Pacific; and his brief account of the Catholic and Protestant missions. Interest of another kind attaches to his descriptions of native festivals at which he was present; the circle of the chiefs and their white guests, the *kava* prepared in the presence of the strangers by native girls, who crush out its juice with their teeth and collect it in a bowl; and then the wild rhythmic dance of the women.

At Samoa, Mgr. Lamaze, the Catholic Bishop, acted as his

interpreter and guide in a visit to Molinu, the village which is the residence of Malietoa, the native King. The meeting with his Majesty was not very ceremonious :

The capital of the King of the Samoans, situated a little more than two miles from Apia, occupies a tongue of land between two hollows of the bay. It is, correctly speaking, a forest of cocoa-nut palms, but I suppose there are also some houses more or less hidden among the trees, though we only saw a very few of them. There is, however, a kind of public square, where a gibbet has been erected. It is the only monument which presents an imposing appearance. A few steps further stands a pretty hut, inhabited by the King's Lord Chief Justice. This personage and his daughter, who are Roman Catholics, come out to kiss the Bishop's ring ; and, taking a little rest under the shade of the gallows, we had a talk with the Judge, not wanting in interest, when we heard behind us the hurried steps of a man, panting for breath, who had apparently been running to overtake us. He was stopped and we pursued our way together. He wore a shirt which had certainly not just come from the washerwoman, and some linen trousers which were in tatters. His features, like the expression of his face, were anything but distinguished. We endeavoured in vain to extract a single word from him ; to everything we said he replied with loud laughter. It was not until we were approaching the house of public assembly, towards which he turned his steps, that I learned his name. He was no less a person than the King. Thinking with what freedom I had apostrophized his Majesty, I had some qualms of conscience.

Baron von Hübner speaks very highly of Mgr. Lamaze, who was his guide on this occasion. Evidently he was very favourably impressed by the work done by the Catholic missionaries in the Pacific in the midst of great poverty and exceptional difficulties. He has a kind word, too, for the Protestant missionaries, in whom he sees useful pioneers of European civilization, and to whose good intentions he gives full credit, while he does not close his eyes to "the gulf that separates the Roman Catholic from the Protestant missionary." In his account of the missions there is a very careful comparison of the methods used by the Protestant and the Catholic, a comparison which with all the Baron's generous consideration for those from whom he differs, is strongly in favour of our own missionaries. Its length prevents us from reproducing in our pages this most interesting portion of the work before us, but before we leave this part of the subject we must take one more portrait from the Fijis. Baron von Hübner writes at Levuka :

Father Bréhéret, of the Congregation of Marists, Apostolic Prefect in the Fijian Archipelago, and a Vendean by birth, has been carrying on his ministry here for forty years, and has never once revisited Europe. He is the type of an ascetic; his venerable features beam with gentleness and love. His garb, like the little church, the priest's house, and the school, bear the stamp of Apostolic poverty. "He is a saint," said a Wesleyan missionary to me, and this testimony is confirmed by the unanimous verdict of the white population.

V.

Leaving the English man-of-war for an American steamer, Baron von Hübner completed his voyage across the Pacific, spending a few hours at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands on his way, and landing at San Francisco. Then going on to Portland, he travelled across the continent by the Northern Pacific Railway, and paid a brief visit to Canada before proceeding to New York in order to return to Europe. In this last portion of his book, in spite of its title, we hear much more of the United States than of British North America. Of his excursion in Canada he says:

Then follows a short trip through a country which is the most peaceful, at least in appearance, and the most charming, though, save for the rapids of St. Lawrence, the least sensational I have ever seen. I am now in Canada. First comes Lake Ontario, whose flat shores scarcely rise above the horizon. Then the St. Lawrence with its thousand isles. They transport you in fancy to the lakes of Sweden; you see here the same little rocks, the backgrounds of fir-trees, and the villas and pleasure cottages of painted wood. And then all these towns; Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec—Toronto, with its thoroughly English aspect; Montreal, with its upper town rich in churches and trees, and its lower town, still French, where above the shop-fronts you read names that were common in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, but have now become rare; and, lastly, Quebec, the city of glorious memories, the military city *par excellence*, whose castle commands the river, which is here truly magnificent.

The remarkable feature of all these towns, besides the French appearance of many of their inhabitants, is the general air of prosperity, security, and repose. There is business and animation, but not too much of it. There is no racing against time to make one's fortune. In this respect the contrast with the American cities is striking. What a blessing not to be obliged to "go ahead"! How the Yankees would beat us, if we were to become Americans! So let us remain as we are. That is what every one says to me, French as well as English Canadians. Their loyalty is based on interest, and is consequently firm and genuine.

A few more pages tell of Baron von Hübner's departure from New York, and how at the very moment of embarking he narrowly escaped falling into the clutches of a gang of sharpers—this too after having travelled in safety some 50,000 miles. Then there is a very interesting epilogue, in the shape of some general reflections on the position of our Empire in the world.

Briefly, the conclusions at which Baron von Hübner arrives are these: Our colonies are loyal to the mother country; the time is past when men dreamed of their setting up for themselves; the tendency is now towards federation, the federation of groups of colonies, a step perhaps to a general federation of the Empire. What would probably most tax the loyalty of the colonies would be the strain of a maritime war, in which their commerce, if not adequately protected by the Imperial navy, would suffer so long as it kept the English flag flying.

England [he says] will keep her colonies as long as Parliament grants the necessary funds for maintaining a fleet strong enough to ensure her naval predominance. If once the colonies and the coaling-stations are lost, it is at least doubtful whether such funds will be voted in time of peace. England will then lose, gradually and imperceptibly, what she calls her dominion of the seas. In other words, if England loses her maritime preponderance she loses her colonies. If she loses her colonies, she loses her predominance on the seas, and with that the high position she now occupies in the councils of Europe. It is within this circle that the grandeur of the British Empire is comprised.

As for India, he appears to underrate the peril from Russia. But even if we differ with him on this point, we can perfectly agree with him, that it is by our internal policy in India that the question of the endurance of our Eastern Empire will be decided. He evidently looks with no little suspicion on some recent developments of this policy. His concluding words are:

I confess that certain ideas which enjoy great favour in certain quarters would give me food for reflection (if I were an Englishman), and none more than the scheme of welding into a single nation the diverse races which inhabit the peninsula, of creating a new nation, and of creating her in the image of the English. Here I stop. Had I to sum up the impressions derived from my travels, I should say: British rule is firmly seated in India: England has only one enemy to fear—herself.

In these concluding pages our author ventures upon a forecast

as to the events of the next century. He believes that it will witness a great struggle between the white and the yellow races, the Europeans and the Chinese, for preponderance in vast regions of the world.

We trust that this necessarily inadequate account of the varied contents of Baron von Hübner's two volumes will lead many of our readers to turn from our pages to his most interesting and valuable work. Its publication this year has been particularly appropriate. In the Exhibition at South Kensington we have gathered together a vast collection illustrative of the natural products, arts and manufactures of India and the Colonies. It puts before us in a tangible form the enormous extent, and the varied wealth of the great Empire on which the sun never sets. But such an exhibition has a fuller and deeper significance and interest the more we know of the history, the condition, the prospects, and the policy of the many lands and peoples that it represents. No better popular guide to such knowledge can be found than Baron von Hübner's work. A handy one-volume edition of his travels would meet with a very wide welcome at the present moment. At the same time the work is not one of mere passing interest. The question of an Imperial policy, and very possibly an Imperial federation, with all the allied proposals of an Imperial customs league, and a federal army and navy, all this belongs to the immediate future, and the facts so carefully collected and so skilfully summed up by a veteran statesman like Baron von Hübner, form a body of evidence that cannot be left out of account in forming an opinion on these weighty and difficult problems.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

Chapters on Theology.

THE CHURCH.

IV.—PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.

THE Kingdom which Christ established was to last for ever. Earthly kingdoms may rise and fall. Lapse of years and change of circumstance will bring about their overthrow. Attacks from without, the tyranny or worthlessness of rulers, discontent of subjects, ambition and the lust of power, the very love of change, which seems inborn in our nature, will destroy the best laid plans, and make vain the fairest hopes of their founders. The Church was to have no exemption from these same trials; but their different issue in her case was to mark the Divine nature of her origin and constitution. As a purely human society, she ought to have perished still-born, when her Founder died, to have been stamped out, later, during the first stages of her growth, or to have disappeared, at least in time, by a natural process of decay. But she was not purely human. In her members only, and some outward social forms, did she belong to earth. In all else—in her Founder and Supreme Ruler, in the object of her being, in the means employed to gain it, and in the principles which were to control and vivify her policy and social action, she was Divine.

She was to take up and carry on in her Founder's name, and under His guardianship and guidance, the work He came Himself to do. Now, His Mission was not to the Jews of His own day only. They were not the only souls for which He died, not the only ones who were to learn the truths He spoke, and shape their lives according to the pure morality He taught, and draw spiritual life and vigour from the gracious fountains which He opened to them. "He gave Himself a redemption for *all*," and so "will have *all* men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." He came to earth with a twofold object: to redeem mankind and to save it; to win back for us,

that is, the justice of which Adam's sin had spoiled us, with better gifts and higher privileges than those which Adam lost ; and then to lead men to utilize the graces He had won. The former object He could have worked out alone, unknown to us, at the first moment of His conception. The first conscious act of His Human Life would have as completely blotted out the debt we owed, and purchased the supernatural blessings we have and hope for, as the long labours of three and thirty years, ending in the Agony and Crucifixion. Even in the actual economy which He chose, the redemption of every soul of man was perfected at once and for ever ; all men, of every age and of every clime, were included in the ransom which He paid on Calvary. But the other object of His coming was to be accomplished differently. Each individual soul was to be made sharer in the fruits of the Redemption—was to be taught the high dignity to which it had been raised again, the value of its brotherhood with Christ, the nature of its privileges, the obligations of its new state, and was to be urged and aided to "walk worthy of the vocation in which it had been called." Now it is evident this could not be done by any one act, in any one place, at any one time. You may free a race from slavery, and bestow upon it wealth and honours, by a single act of generosity ; but your gift remains almost without value, unless the freedmen can be formed, by a widespread and continuous care, to use worthily the benefits you have conferred upon them.

Wonder is expressed sometimes at the manner of life Christ followed, when on earth : the stage He chose seems such a petty one, and the part He played so humble. Human wisdom would, probably, have selected a wider field of action, and assumed a more conspicuous character. Yet, even humanly, Christ's plan was not unfitted for the end He had in view. For the purpose of Redemption all times and places were absolutely alike, since any place, under any circumstances, was infinitely sufficient ; while, for the purpose of salvation, no time or place or circumstance could be assigned, in which His saving action would become unnecessary : as long as men are born into the world, with souls to save, and sin to struggle with, to yield to and to repent of, the work of salvation must go on unceasingly. Future generations had as much claim upon Christ's love as that in which He lived ; and, to measure Him by only our own earthly standards, was it not wiser and nobler to build up a society which should last through the ages, and embrace the

world, and place the fruits of the Redemption within reach of all, than to spend Himself in traversing continents and oceans, preaching to His contemporaries? There are few, whether friends or enemies, but will confess that St. Ignatius of Loyola did better service to the Catholic Church by the organization he remained in Italy to design and foster, than he could have done by any share he might have taken in the missionary labours of St. Francis Xavier.

We have seen that Christ founded a Church ; we understand the object for which He founded it ; we know that this object is only to be attained, in its completeness, when the last generations of predestined souls shall have won their crown ; and so we conclude that the Church will endure till then. Had Christ Himself left to us no formal declaration of His will, we should still be fully warranted in drawing this conclusion. The same infinite love which induced Him to come down to earth for the salvation of our race, and moved Him to institute the Church, as the means of realizing His design, would surely lead Him to preserve her until that design receives its full accomplishment. Man, in every generation, stands in need of Divine truth, and grace, and mercy ; the Church was founded to be the ordinary channel for the dispensation of these gifts : and so we should judge, and judge rightly, that she will exist to dispense the gifts while the need for them endures. Only some clear indication that God's message through Christ to man was to be supplanted by another and a better one, could invalidate our reasoning ; and it has never been suggested that God has anywhere given such an indication.

But the testimony of Scripture puts the matter beyond all doubt. Isaiah had predicted the duration of Christ's Kingdom, when he said : " A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us. His empire shall be multiplied, and there is no end of peace. He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth and for ever ; " and again, when he spoke of the " everlasting covenant " which should be made between the Lord and " the seed which the Lord had blessed." Daniel had prophesied more clearly, when he foretold that " in the days of those kingdoms the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His Kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever."

And Christ, at the very moment when He pledged Himself to found the Kingdom, and first called it by the name of Church, summed up the prophecies that held the promise of her victories, while He pointed to the struggle on which she was to enter: "On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her." Surely we have here a guarantee of perpetuity; for what could be a greater triumph for the powers of evil, in their contest with the Church, than her complete destruction? But Christ shields her from such a fate. He Himself will be her constant guardian: "Lo, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world;" the Holy Spirit, too, will take up an everlasting dwelling in her: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, that He may abide with you for ever." And so, in spite of difficulties and dangers, until the Second Coming of the Saviour, she will continue to fulfil the trust confided to her; and "the Gospel of the Kingdom will be preached in the whole world, for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the consummation come." Hence it was that St. Paul could contrast "the better covenant which is established on better promises" with that of the Jewish Dispensation, which, because it was not faultless, was meant to pass away; and could exhort the Hebrews who were come into "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, the Church of the first-born," to listen to the voice of Christ, serving God acceptably in the "immoveable Kingdom" which they had received.

Nor did any doubt or fear ever darken the hopes of the infant Church herself, during the many bitter trials to which she was exposed. Gamaliel's warning to the ancients and the Council: "If this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it," had proclaimed the principle which secured her immortality. Her confidence found expressions in her Creeds: "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church," was no mere historic statement in reference to her past and present life; it embraced all future times, as well in the belief of those who used the words, as in the mind of those who framed the formula. "We confess," writes St. Alexander, the predecessor of St. Athanasius in the see of Alexandria, "we confess one and one only Catholic and Apostolic Church, never to be destroyed, though the whole world should wage war against it." And St. Athanasius himself

declares: "The word is faithful, the promise is unshaken, and the Church is invincible, though the gates of Hell should come against her, though Hell itself and the rulers of the darkness of the world therein be set in motion." "The Church, no doubt," admits St. Ambrose, "has her change of seasons, seasons of persecution and of peace. Like the moon, she seems to wane and fail, but yet lives on; clouds may overshadow her, but she cannot die." "How many tyrants," St. Chrysostom asks triumphantly, "have laboured to destroy the Church? Reckon up their cauldrons, and their fiery furnaces, their raging beasts, and whetted swords. Where are they now? They have failed; they are given over to silence and forgetfulness. Where is the Church? Living still; she outshines the very sun in splendour. They and theirs have perished; she is immortal." "There are those who say that the Catholic Church, which was, is not," St. Augustine tells his people; "there are those who say that she has ceased to be. But they who say so are not of her—O shameless phrase! Because you are without her, she has perished! What foundation has the Church, if not Christ Jesus? She will be in peril when her foundation trembles; therefore she 'shall not be moved for ever and ever.'"

But it is needless to multiply quotations. Enough has been already said to show that the Christian Church was not established for Apostolic times alone; that her mission and her powers were not intended to meet a passing want; and that the same Mercy which, for man's sake, called her into being, for man's sake too decreed she should be perpetual.

V.—VISIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

Her continued existence, however, would be of little purpose for the ends she was designed to serve, unless men could find and recognize her. "Very much of its possessions," says one of our old writers, speaking of the world, "is so hid that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore—all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get." The Church was founded to be the channel of grace to man, and all the treasures Christ won for us are committed to her keeping; but they would be to us "as the wealth within the hollowness of the sea," if the Church herself were beyond the range of search and recognition. It seems strange how any who admit that the means of salvation were intrusted to the Church, and who believe her office to

be largely one of stewardship in the distribution of supernatural graces, can adopt a theory which makes the Church invisible. Not, of course, invisible in the grosser meaning of the word ; for that she never can be while her children are not disembodied spirits ; but in another and less material sense, which represents her as a society of chosen souls, known only to God, and not to be revealed until the great accounting day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid bare. They appear to conceive of the Christian society as a kind of philosophic school, Aristotelian or Neo-Platonist, whose members hold and study the writings of the master, and on occasion even shape their lives by the doctrines they understand him to have taught ; but who are without any bond of union which may knit them into a social whole, any visible organization by membership of which they may be known to all men, and may know each other. Such a view is utterly at variance with the true idea of the Church.

We have seen, indeed, that the Church is a spiritual kingdom, whose aims are wholly supernatural and must be realized in a sphere beyond the world of sense. Her noblest achievements—those for which she lives on earth, and to which she must subordinate all else, the blotting out of sin and the advancement of individual souls in holiness—are invisible to every eye but God's. Yet this does not make herself invisible. The highest gifts of our human nature are those which, in themselves, are most remote from our material vision. Keeness of intellect and strength of will and moral purity and power of sympathy are not qualities to arrest the bodily eye, or even, in and by themselves, to come within the sphere of human knowledge. But they can hardly fail to find expression in the outward life of those who are endowed with them ; and if many men so gifted group together, it is utterly impossible that these purely spiritual excellences shall not fix the world's attention and win its admiration. Something similar, at least in part, we believe to be the Church's case. Her true children are such, mainly because they have received, and still possess some spiritual gifts, which, of their own nature, are wholly beyond natural perceptions ; but these spiritual gifts are potent springs of outward action, and in the body of the Church, by their own essential energy, or by the special Providence of God, are always made most clearly manifest. The supernatural character, therefore, of the Church's life and work can be no obstacle to her visibility.

And that, in our Lord's design, and in the actual fact,

visibility was one of her prerogatives is altogether certain. Isaías had foretold it, when he said : " And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it ; " and Daniel, too, had spoken of it, though more obscurely, when he interpreted the royal dream, and identified " the Kingdom which shall stand for ever " with " the stone that smote the statue, and became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. " In the New Testament Scriptures the name of Church occurs about one hundred times : in no single instance is it necessary to explain it of an invisible Society ; in no single instance can it be shown that it is used of any other than a visible Society ; only in a very few—four passages in the Epistle to the Ephesians, two in the Colossians, and one in the Hebrews—is its meaning admitted to be even doubtful. Our Lord Himself would seem to have fixed its meaning : " If he will not hear them, " says He, laying down the Christian rule of conduct towards an offending brother, " tell it unto the Church ; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican. " How could he bid His followers bring their brethren before the Church for judgment, and then treat them according to their obedience to the Church's sentence, if the Church herself were only an invisible tribunal ? Further, the various titles under which our Lord designates the Church all point in the same direction. A " city, " a " kingdom, " a " body, " a " house, " a " sheep-fold, " though partly applicable to the Church Triumphant, can have no reference to a Church on earth composed of scattered and unrecognized believers. It would be as reasonable to speak of an existing kingdom of Great Britain, though all Englishmen were scattered through the world in disguise, so that no man could point one out, or know his race and nationality.

The truth becomes yet more evident when we consider the teaching and the conduct of the Apostles. St. Paul, for instance, exhorts the Ephesian clergy : " Take heed to yourselves and to your whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the Church of God. " He was surely not exhorting them to rule and watch with vigilance over a flock no human eye could see. And again, he addresses Timothy : " These things I write to thee that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God. " Of what use could it be to give St.

Timothy wise precepts for the fulfilment of his office, or, indeed, to have raised him to the episcopal office at all, if his Church of Ephesus, like the whole Church of Christ, were an invisible Society? "I am the least of the Apostles," the same St. Paul confesses to the Corinthians. "I am not worthy to be called an Apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God." His regrets could not be very real, or his sentiments of unworthiness very heartfelt, if his persecutions had been directed against an invisible community. But we need not add to our citations. There can be no question that the idea of an invisible Church is wholly foreign to the New Testament writings. They give us no example of a believer who was not joined in external communion with other Christians; they show us the Apostles forming everywhere their converts into visible Societies; they tell us of a visible initiatory rite, visible social organization under visible legislators and visible magistrates, visible penalties, visible order of divine worship in religious assemblies—every element, in fine, which was ever said to be required for the constitution of visible society; and they give us clearly to understand that all these things were held to be essential in the Church of Apostolic times. Now, the true Church of Christ was, undoubtedly, that of the Apostles, that Church in which they laboured, of which they wrote, to which they preached, and for the faith of which they died. That Church was visible, not merely because its individual members were "spirits linked with clay," and so the objects of material sense, as were the soulless bodies amongst which they moved; but primarily and principally because they were linked together in a fellowship of love, in which the invisible gifts of grace found visible expression, and the common means of holiness were visibly applied, and the whole economy of salvation was visibly administered, and the "True Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," continued His Mission of mercy, attracting men's eyes and hearts as sensibly as He had done in the towns and by the lake of Galilee, still offering all of them the graces needed for salvation through a channel they might easily recognize as His.

Nor may it be asserted that the true Church of later times is different, in this, from the Church of the Apostles. The true Church of Christ is only One—One in its social and doctrinal unity at each moment of its life; One too—and this alone concerns us here—in the identity of its Constitution at every moment of its history. Christ established a Church which

should be itself perpetual, not one which should yield its place, after a few years or centuries, to something of another kind, which He Himself has nowhere spoken of, and which the faith of the early Church held utterly impossible. Was St. Irenæus speaking only of the second century, when he wrote that "through the Church is the one changeless way of salvation made manifest to the world; for to her has been entrusted the light of God, so that God's Wisdom, by which all men are saved, 'preacheth abroad, uttereth her voice in the streets, crieth from the housetops and speaketh ever in the entrance of the gates of the city'?" Deny the visibility, the perpetual and necessary visibility, of the Church, and what becomes of St. Cyprian's matchless argument in his treatise on Church unity? "He who holds not this unity of the Church, does he think that he holds the faith? He who strives against and resists the Church, is he assured that he is in the Church? . . . It is of her womb that we are born; our nourishing is from her milk, our quickening from her breath. . . . She it is who keeps us for God, and appoints unto her Kingdom the sons she has borne. Whosoever parts company with the Church, and joins himself to an adulteress is estranged from the promises of the Church . . . He is an alien, an outcast, an enemy. He can no longer have God for a Father, who has not the Church for a mother. If any man who remained without the Ark of Noah was able to escape, then will that man escape who is out of doors beyond the Church. . . . The Holy Spirit admonishes us by the Apostle and says: 'It is needful also that heresies should be, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you.' Thus are the faithful approved, the false detected. . . . These are they, who with no appointment from God, take upon them of their own will to preside over their venturesome companions, establish themselves as rulers without any lawful rite of ordination, and assume the name of bishop, though no man gives them a bishopric. . . . Thinks he that he is with Christ, who does counter to the priests of Christ? who separates himself from the fellowship of His clergy and people? That man bears arms against the Church," &c. Conceive the Church to be invisible, and what sense attaches to these burning words—how can breach of unity imply loss of faith? how can men strive against and resist the Church? how can it be a ground of such serious blame that men have played at being bishops? how can it follow that he bears arms against

Christ's Church who does counter to the clergy? Other Fathers are even more explicit. Thus St. Chrysostom declares that "it is easier for the sun to be extinguished than for the Church to disappear;" Origen speaks of her as "full of glory from the East even unto the West;" St. Augustine refutes the followers of Donatus by the phrase: "You are not in the city established on the mountain, whose unfailing mark it is that she cannot be concealed;" and again: "You shall easily see the city established on the mountain—it is the Church Catholic, so named because spread throughout the world. No man may be ignorant of her: Christ has said she cannot be concealed."

But we may pause here. The testimony of reason arguing upon the principles of faith and that of Scripture and of early Christian tradition, are so accordant, that we may say of all three what St. Augustine said of the Scriptures alone: "How do we believe the Sacred Writings, when they speak to us of a visible Christ, if we do not believe them when they tell us of a visible Church?"

It may not be out of place to sum up, at this point, the results which we have wished to reach. The Jews expected a King-Messiah and a Messianic Kingdom; Christ appeared, claiming to be their King, and pledging Himself to found a Kingdom; He did found it, and called it "Church." To this Church He gave a promise of immortality; He appointed, too, that she should never be hidden from men's eyes, that she should remain always a visible Society. The Church of Christ, therefore, exists even at the present day, and may be clearly recognized by those who seek it.

We shall next examine how far it is a duty to search for, and, when found, to enter into it.

P. FINLAY.

Canterbury.

“THE city of the angel!” Yea of old!
When thro’ white stillness of moon-raptured air,
And flushed fair sunrisings, he waited there,
God’s great glad angel wrought in shining gold!
Many the roads o’er hill and field and wold
Leading thereto, each one a visible prayer
Carven of patient feet that bleeding bare
Poor souls for healing ere our hearts grew cold.

“The city of the angel!” And the shrine
Of England’s holiest martyr! Yet to-day
Who presses thither on the pilgrim-way?¹
Those patient paths, untrodden, still lead on
To the great church, but love and faith are gone,
And life grows barren, that once seemed divine!

EVELYN PYNE.

¹ The pilgrim’s road is an ancient track-way formerly traversed by pilgrims from the south and west of England on their way to Canterbury. It may still be traced at intervals along the ridges or slopes of the downs from Alton, by Reigate, Wrotham, Halling, Debting, Hollingbourne, and Charing, to Canterbury. Wherever possible, this path is carried along a hill-side, and it seldom touches a village; it may well be seen by climbing the steep hill above the ruins of the archiepiscopal palace at Otford, where it winds about in a curious manner; its course is in some places marked by lines of old yew-trees.

The Sagacity of Plants.

THE minute attention which is being paid to the physical world has in many ways been rewarded with well deserved success. We have deepened and extended our knowledge of Nature's laws and processes, even though we have to hand on still unsolved, many of the indetermined problems bequeathed to us by our predecessors.

Perhaps botany has benefited by modern research as much as any sister science. Plants, plant life, plant forms, the internal structure and the external relations of plants, have been made the subject of skilful and patient observation. The microscope has laid bare to us much of the physical constitution of plants, and has let us see those primitive cells in which we find the simplest and the earliest indications of that life-action, which nevertheless still hides itself from us behind its own manifestations.

It is impossible to consider the marvellous adaptation of means to ends, the methods by which the continuation of plant life is secured and the dissemination of species brought about, without recognizing the presence of some overruling Intelligence. Here, as in so many other instances, in unravelling one mystery we light upon many others, and if the wonderful organization of individual plants, of the whole botanical kingdom reveals to us the existence of a directing Intelligence, the further question arises: But where is this directing intelligence?

In a book published lately there is a zealous, even though somewhat shy, attempt made to popularize the notion that this intelligence resides within the plants themselves. In his book on the *Sagacity and Morality of Plants*,¹ Mr. Taylor endeavours to make out a case in favour of the supposition that vegetables of high and low degree are capable of moral and intellectual action. It is true that he insinuates this conclusion rather than

¹ *The Sagacity and Morality of Plants.* By J. E. Taylor, Ph.D., F.L.S., &c., &c. Chatto and Windus.

puts it forward like a man who has the courage of his convictions. With a certain amount of uncomfortable consciousness as to the extent to which he has committed himself, he deprecates adverse criticism by feebly suggesting in his preface that "much of his book *may, if* the reader chooses, be looked upon as a parable." From which passage we may draw the conclusion that he would prefer his readers to take his words literally, only the magnitude of the dose they are asked to assimilate compels him not to appear too irrational. But he is not very happy in asking that his miscellaneous collection of facts and fancies should be taken as a parable. A parable should have some intelligible end in view. Mr. Taylor's parable, supposing we elect to call it a parable, points no special moral and adorns no tale. The moral it may be intended to point may perhaps be gathered from his concluding words: "The story of the life of plants is one *nearly* analogous to that of men."² But such a moral is much too imaginative for any except those who, like Mr. Taylor, rush into print under the influence of a gushing impulse "to bring the lives of plants more nearly home to us," in which words of his preface he expresses the sweetly sympathetic object of his book.

If this book had been compiled with no other object, and with the prospect of no other result, than the advocacy of some inane sentimentality, it might be passed by with a smile, and some feeling of compassion for its readers. As it is, it is one of a class which well deserves censure. No amount of impassioned desire of enlisting sympathy on behalf of struggling vegetation can justify the mischievous employment of words and phrases which sensible men cannot allow to be applied to the processes and results of plant life. The intentional and systematic employment of words implying conscious voluntary action in plants can only help to confuse still more the minds of many whose ideas on conscious, and consequently responsible action, are not very clear as it is. It is one way of helping on the evil tendencies which now exist, to confound things by first of all confounding names and terms. This verbal degradation, together with the confusion of thoughts and principles which must accompany it, Mr. Taylor carries into the regions of intelligence and morals. Allegorical and figurative expressions are harmless enough, and no one would wish to deprive writers of any rhetorical aids which may make their sayings more pleasantly

² P. 303.

said. But when allegory is thrown aside, and we are asked to accept the figurative *literally*, it is time to protest. The employment by the school of which Mr. Grant Allen is the brilliant representative, of recognized words for purposes for which they are inadmissible, must be met with a strong protest. The result of the perverse employment of terms is shown in Mr. Taylor's own words :

A new language [he says at p. 2] has been developed in which to describe the moral relationships of plants. Whether we believe in the consciousness of plant life or not, this language *almost implies* such a belief. We speak of plants *adopting* this habit or that device—always and only when such habits and devices are beneficial to them—as if they did it of intelligent and set purpose. . . . Who knows?—perhaps there can be no life, animal or vegetable, unaccompanied by consciousness.

With such passages as this before us, it is hard to read Mr. Taylor's book and not see that he at any rate desires to propagate the belief which underlies the phraseology of the "new language." He desires to foster the idea that plants really are conscious agents. This "new" language, be it noted, is simply the wilful misapplication of old terms, and it is easy to see that if Mr. Taylor's new interpretation of phraseology, hitherto restricted to undeniably intelligent action, were extensively taken up, an innocent science might be made the vehicle of instilling many false notions, which unhappily have too many channels for their propagation already.

One thing is most evident ; no useful scientific purpose can be gained by the wholesale application to plants of terms and phrases which connote intelligent action. Not *figurative* application, but *literal*. We are seriously asked to ignore the figure, and to look upon plants as entities capable of conscious action, action equally conscious in kind to animal consciousness, only *perhaps* somewhat lower in degree. Mr. Taylor, of course, expects a protest, and this is the way he meets it :

I shall be met at the outset with the remark that the term *morality* can only be rightly applied to conscious agents, and that plants cannot be classed among that number. Has this commonly adopted opinion been proved, or do we accept it as a traditional conclusion which to most people seems self-evident ? Wordsworth did not think so. He said :

It is my faith that every flower which blows
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Not every admirer of Wordsworth will subscribe this article of

his faith, or consider that it quite overbalances the traditional belief to which Mr. Taylor, it seems triumphantly, opposes it. They will probably be inclined to think with the majority, and to consider that a rather unfair use has been made of an idea which may find expression with a poet's license when the poetic *afflatus* is strongly felt, but which the heaven-sent poet himself would hardly accept as his deliberate judgment in his cooler and more strictly rational moments. Be this as it may, as no other proof is suggested, we might conclude that Mr. Taylor is under the impression that this one line of Wordsworth exhaustively settles the preliminary difficulty; only he shows that he is himself still somewhat hazy as to whether plants possess consciousness—"Who knows?" he wisely remarks. All this hazy uncertainty, however, does not prevent him coming forward to teach the novel and interesting fact that plants really are sagacious and moral in their own fashion, which, he says, is the counterpart of ours. Their sagacity is easily proved.

We *sometimes* hear people speak of the *instinct* of plants. But how can instinct arise unless there be some kind of consciousness? (p. 4).

Very true. But before Mr. Taylor bases his proof for the existence of instinct in plants upon the occasional use of the word "instinct," might there not be a previous question as to whether the word is used figuratively or not? And as a proof—well, does the employment of a word by indefinite "people" (who, after all, only use it "sometimes") conclusively demonstrate the existence of the quality it names? If so, how delightfully easy it becomes to prove the real substantial existence of our old friend, the man in the moon! We sometimes hear people speak of him even now.

Of course there is a stronger proof of plant consciousness. Here it is:

Nothing can be more marked, even among animals, than the *likes* and *dislikes* of plants. Human beings can hardly express the same feelings more decidedly. Some plants *will* only live in arid deserts. . . There are plants which *love* the heat like a Hindoo, . . others which *revel* amid the snows of Arctic regions, . . nay, there is a "messmate-ship" among plants which *inclines* species to grow in company (p. 6).

This is a fair specimen of the forced employment of terms which writers like Mr. Taylor laboriously strain to misapply. If such a passage has any meaning, it must mean that the writer wishes us to correct our ideas of the mute mechanical action of

physical laws in the production and variation of plant forms. "Human beings can hardly express the same feelings more decidedly." Certainly it sounds like a very determined resolution to be jolly when we are gravely told that some plants actually revel under the unfavourable circumstances which are suggested by the presence of arctic snow. Happily such noisy vegetables are banished to do their revelling in the far north. If even arctic cold does not cool the fevered sap which we must suppose courses madly through their tissues and cellules, what visions of riotous lawlessness we can conjure up if these same roistering weeds bethought themselves of migrating into warmer climates! But the picture of vegetarian iniquities suggested by Mr. Taylor's "new language" is too painful to dwell upon. Let us shudder and pass on, and ask, is all this artistic word painting, or part of the parable?

It is somewhat hard to decide, for the writer goes on to say:

Hosts of common plants continually perform actions, which, *if they were done by human beings*, would at once be brought within the category of right and wrong. There is hardly a vice or virtue which has not its counterpart in the actions of the vegetable kingdom (p. 7).

We may well ask,

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Insania?

How is one to comment upon the manifold mental confusion which is betrayed in such a passage? If the assertion made in the latter half of the quotation be true, then by all means let Mr. Taylor or some one publish a list of virtuous plants, let us eliminate from our parterres and from our kitchen gardens misbehaving flowers and vicious vegetables. Passages like this are much too widely fanciful for sober criticism, but they are nevertheless instructive. They are instructive, because they let us see with unmistakeable clearness how the wrong application of words is capable of leading to confusion, not of thought only, but even of law and of morality. If human action be but the counterpart of vegetable action, if morality, with some slight modification of degree, can be predicated of plants, then it follows that the existing notions of morality amongst men are mere prejudice, morality is a misnomer for actions which flow from laws as much beyond the control of human beings as soil and climate, heat and cold, and their results, are beyond the control of the plants which spring up and live and prosper under

their combined influences. Mr. Taylor may not hold this opinion, but many who write like him do hold it, neither may he see the legitimate outcome of the new language he is anxious to justify and to propagate. But not all the readers of his book will be muddle-headed.

Moreover, it should be borne in mind that this book is only one of many whose tendencies are all in the same direction. Even though taken singly they are feeble, being many they bolster one another up, and help to spread confusion of ideas and of principles.

If the author of the *Sagacity of Plants* seems ready to sacrifice morality, we must not be surprised at his making a holocaust of logic and reason. It would not be easy to find a better example of the sacrifice of sense to sound than the one we gather from the following passage :

Man has eagerly seized upon those species of succulent fruits which happened to suit his taste and appetite, and has practically robbed the birds of them. But there still remain many kinds he is in no hurry to annex. . . . *The fact is*, many of these fruits *have discovered* that they were liable to be devoured by animals unserviceable to them for purposes of dissemination, *and so they have gradually secreted in their pulpy flesh substances objectionable to mammals*, but to which birds have grown accustomed to consume with the utmost safety. . . . The fruits *which have thus learned* to confine themselves to birds are evidently gainers *by the artifice*, and we can therefore understand why many of them in this respect advertise that "no mammals need apply" (p. 105).

There are many logical difficulties in this passage of which the writer seems serenely unconscious, but he must not expect in his readers the same unconscious serenity. How does a fruit, when it has been devoured by the wrong animal, discover that the animal which ate it *was the wrong one*? Having been devoured by the *wrong* animal, how does it communicate the fact to its parent tree or plant? And how does the parent plant know enough of the internal physiology of various genera to know deftly *what* to secrete, so that its fruit shall disagree with mammals, and yet be palatable and nutritious to birds? And if birds "have grown accustomed," why should not other varieties of animals have "grown accustomed" also? All this farrago of illogical nonsense is introduced by the assertion, "The fact is——." "Whilst not beseeching criticism," Mr. Taylor says in the Preface, "I do not deprecate it." He is therefore not unconscious of the kind of criticism which might be levelled at

his mythical "facts" and his inconsequent reasoning. But there is one excuse for treating him with gentleness. His book is much too silly to do the harm it might have done had it been written with plausibility or cleverness.

It may be worth while quoting one more proof of the "instinct" said to exist in plants. It is deduced from the action of the hairs on the leaves of sun-dews, which mechanically capture the small flies which alight on their leaves. Mr. Taylor chooses to consider it certain that sun-dews are actually carnivorous, that they really assimilate animal tissues. Most probably they do not. However, the point is not yet certainly ascertained. Speaking of the sun-dews, we are told :

These tentacles are wholly unaffected if particles of sand or any other inorganic substance is placed upon the leaf, and they never notice or respond to drops of water. *This fact raises their character for instinctive sagacity in knowing what is harmful or unnecessary to them, as well as what is good in the shape of animal food.* To the pattering of the rain-drops the tentacles must be well accustomed, and occasionally the wind will carry grains of sand and earth to them, and cover them with dust. In this way *the tentacles have gained practical experience* as to what is good for them and what is not (p. 262).

It is easy enough to assert that plants "have gained practical experience ;" proving such an assertion is quite another matter. A new language is indeed required to introduce such new beliefs, if the kind of pantheism which underlies the wrenching of words to express contradictions can be called a new belief. We ought to face possible results, before embarking with a light heart upon an unknown sea. If plants really can gain practical experience, as our teachers require us to believe they can, they must have some power of noting and distinguishing between antecedent and resultant, they must have some power of storing up such knowledge and of communicating it, and their using this knowledge in the right way and at the right moment demonstrates the high quality of their intelligence. Most certainly, if all the beneficial modifications of plants come wholly from the innate power of the plant itself, then we must agree with Mr. Taylor and his school, we must admit that plants have intelligence. They must have intelligence of a high order, for they have found out more of the laws of nature than the united intelligence of all mankind has been able to discover hitherto. They know how to manufacture breadstuffs from noxious gases and poisonous minerals, never erring in combining the various

constituents in their exact proportions. We cannot manufacture a blade of grass, much less a bunch of grapes. If all the chemical and physical processes which go on in plants are performed in virtue of internal consciousness, they point out an intelligence of such a high order, so far above our own, that we should be only reasonable in imitating the ancient Egyptians, and recognizing gods in our vegetables.

From what has been said, enough may be gathered to serve as a specimen of the irrational lengths to which people are willing to go when they consider themselves too wise to accept "traditional belief." It is certainly not easier to believe that plants are intelligent, than it is to believe that they are not intelligent. It is not easier to believe that plants have innate powers of consciously modifying themselves when taught by the sweet usages of vegetable adversity, rather than that they are strictly subject to external laws appointed for them by their Creator. Nor has the school of which Mr. Taylor is hardly the foremost representative anything beyond determined misapplication of terms to offer by way of proof. Mr. Taylor collects the best proofs he can find from many different sources, so that if his book contains nothing particularly new, except its title, it has the advantage of presenting us, in one volume, with the strongest things he can find to support his fancies. Many of the facts which he somewhat disguises by the manner in which he presents them, certainly demonstrate that intelligence is at work. But it is an intelligence from without, which not only adapts and adjusts the component parts of individual plants, but which moreover regulate their relation with the mineral and animal kingdoms, and with ourselves. To ask us to believe that any members of the vegetable kingdom are in any true sense sagacious or moral, merely betrays a distressing ignorance of the nature of morality. It is asking us to cloud over our intelligence, and to lose ourselves in a labyrinth of tortured phrases. Attempts, like that made in the *Sagacity of Plants*, to justify the application to vegetables of words which suppose them invested with moral or reasoning attributes, is silly from a scientific point of view, it is confusing to the lay reader, it is mischievous because it plays into the hands of those who are only too willing to employ any and every means of upsetting traditional beliefs. Assuredly traditional beliefs make no greater demand upon our credulity than is demanded by the new language which requires us to believe, for instance, "that vast

numbers of plants *have selected* bird agency for scattering their seed. *The fact* that members of various orders *have laid themselves out* for this purpose, in so many places far removed from each other, *is a pregnant fact* to the philosophical botanist, and it cannot be understood without calling in the aid which the modern doctrine of evolution affords" (p. 102). With due deference to the great authority who is speaking, neither evolution or any other modern doctrine explains "the fact." The explanation is simple enough. It is *not* a fact that *plants* themselves select bird agency or any other agency, and Mr. Taylor and his friends have yet to prove to us that fungi are guilty of robbery and murder, and that strawberries are crafty and ingenious.

W. D. STRAPPINI.

The Mission of Madagascar.

PART THE FOURTH (*conclusion*).

THE last moments of Queen Rasoherina had been disturbed by the alarm of a fresh conspiracy, headed by the arch-traitor Rainivoninahtriniony, who will be remembered as the former Prime Minister and leader of the party who had betrayed and murdered the unfortunate Radama. Weary of his banishment from Court, he succeeded in seducing his guards, and having placed himself at their head, marched to the capital, where he reckoned many powerful Protestant chiefs among his supporters. Curious to relate, in addition to his human escort, he was accompanied by a troop of fighting dogs, trained to rush upon the foe, drag them to the ground and tear them with their fangs. It does not appear, however, that the dogs proved as efficient in the field as had been anticipated. At any rate, a successful resistance was offered, and the rebel chieftain, being soon after arrested, was transferred to a distant and secure place of confinement.

Upon the day succeeding the death of Rasoherina, which took place April 1, 1868, the Prime Minister, after holding a consultation with the principal chieftains, proclaimed as her successor her sister Ramona, who assumed the title of Ranavalona the Second. This announcement was followed by the curious ceremony of the *Velirano*, or swearing of allegiance. In some of the most frequented parts of the city might be seen the body of a calf, with its head and tail transposed and its belly cut open. Fixed in the bleeding carcase were a number of assegays, which the passers-by were summoned to take and stir in the wound as a pledge of their fidelity to the new monarch. They were then directed to advance to a drinking-vessel placed at a short distance, and quaff the *volaka*. This consists of water in which have been placed some powder, a musket-ball and some salt; whereby is signified that, if those who drink thereof prove

unfaithful to their oath, they shall be shot down with ball, reduced to smoke like powder, and utterly dissolved as salt is when mingled with water.

The fidelity to the established government maintained by the Catholic party during the late rebellion was probably not without its influence in bringing to a settlement the long pending question of the French treaty, which was shortly after satisfactorily concluded. Thereby the same concessions were made to the Catholics in matters of religion which had been granted to the English Protestants, namely, perfect liberty for the missionaries to preach and for the natives to embrace the faith, with leave to erect schools, churches, &c., providing always that the land and buildings should be considered the property of the Crown, though not alienable for any other purpose. Such were the important rights secured by the terms of the treaty, rights which, although often evaded or overridden by the intrigues of the Protestant party, were now acknowledged as the letter of the law and henceforth formed a basis for appeal.

The coronation of Ranavalona, which took place on the 3rd of September following, was conducted on a scale of great magnificence. It was observed that now for the first time the idols of the country disappeared from the reserved place which they formerly occupied in every public ceremonial. Moreover, the platform on which the throne had been erected was adorned with inscriptions, such as "Glory to God, God be with us," &c., which showed that Christian ideas were now prevalent in the minds of the Queen and her Ministers. The Jesuit Fathers and lay-brothers, with the nuns of St. Joseph of Cluny and the good M. Laborde, occupied a place of honour near the royal throne. The English Protestant missionaries sat beside them.

After standing on the sacred coronation-stone to receive therefrom the consecrating virtue which was, in the poetical language of the country, to make her bud forth as the royal flower of Madagascar, the Queen ascended the steps of the platform and took her seat upon the throne. She was clad in a beautiful white robe sprinkled with flowers of gold, and was surrounded by fifty princes and princesses, whose rich purple lambas seemed a fit setting for the white flower of royalty enclosed within their midst. Those who sat near describe her Majesty as small of stature and of mild and gentle features, her colour inclining rather to be white than black.

When all had taken their places, the Queen, rising from her

throne and bearing in her hand a golden wand, thus addressed the multitude :

"Listen to what I have to say, ye dwellers under the sky, who are here assembled.

"The land and the kingdom are God's gift to me. I return Him infinite thanks. I thank also my ancestors who have left them to me.

"Now that the day of my budding forth has come and that you are here assembled, I must tell you that you have not disappointed my expectation, the expectation of Ranavalona, your Queen. For you have come in great numbers, and I have not had to burst my chest or make myself hoarse in summoning you. Since you have come with such eagerness to proclaim and acknowledge me Queen, I assure you of my gratitude, for I see that I have in you a father and a mother. May you live long ! May God be your helper, my dear people !

"God has made me Queen of this isle in order that I may protect your persons, your wives, your children, and your goods. Great and small, you have each your respective rights. Have confidence, for if I have in you a father and a mother, I believe that you have the same in me. I beg of God that He will help me to govern you according to justice and right.

"Moreover, know this. This kingdom I rule not by myself alone, but it shall be ruled by you and me ; for you have given it to me and I have been given to you. And this land, which I hold from four kings, my ancestors, if any one shall dare to touch, were he to take only the space that could be covered with a grain of rice, certainly I would not suffer it. Is it not so, my dear people ?"

"It is, it is," replied the multitude.

"You see the book of the law. It will be read aloud to you. Let each one listen. For if your own persons, if your wives and children are dear to you, if you wish to enjoy your goods in peace, you must keep the law. The law makes no exception of persons. Both you and I must fulfil it. It is not I, Ranavalona, who condemn the guilty, it is not you either : it is their own acts that condemn them. The law is a light which shows forth to all what is good and what is evil. It does not choose out some to make happy : all are happy who observe it. Is it not so ?"

"It is, it is."

"Another thing I have to tell you on the subject of prayer. No compulsion, no hindrance, for it is God who made you ! I announce to you also that I have concluded the treaties. Whoever violates them I look upon him as guilty !"

The close of the Queen's speech, which will not suffer by a comparison with the royal utterances of European monarchs, and which was delivered with perfect fluency and in a clear and distinct voice, was announced to the vast assembly by the notes

of the royal band accompanied with general acclamations. After the reading of the laws which confirmed the abolition of the ordeal by *tanghin*, and among other articles inflicted severe penalties on the sellers and drinkers of rum, the customary ceremony of the presentation of the *hasina* took place, followed by the *toky* or official answer of the people to the Queen's expression of her affection and confidence. This latter part of the ceremonial is too curious to be passed over in silence.

After the orators who have presented the *hasina* in the names of the cities and provinces have retired, they reappear again in the open space reserved in front of the platform. At first, with their white lambas draped about them in sign of peace and contentment, they renew their congratulations to their Sovereign by many expressive words and gestures. But in a moment the scene is changed. Tearing the lambas from their backs, they gird them about their loins, at the same time seizing a buckler in their left hand and brandishing an assegay with their right. Transformed in a moment into patriotic heroes, they testify what they would do were an enemy to venture within their reach. They rush forward to provoke him to the combat, they defy him by their gestures, they parry his blows, they act the victor, and from time to time, while the imaginary battle rages, they encourage the Queen to have perfect confidence in their valour. It is a sight which enables the beholder to realize some of the heroic scenes described by Homer.

On the following day a discharge of artillery gave the signal for a second assembly in the Champ de Mars, the object of which was to celebrate by games and dances the joyful event of the coronation. Thither were the missionaries again invited by the Queen, who, clad in a rich lamba of purple and gold, showed by her radiant and joyful countenance how truly she participated in the pleasure and happiness of her people.

First came the national dance, in which every one joined, even Ranavalona herself. No less than three hundred thousand of the natives took part in this dance, and yet no one moved from his position. The men stretched out their arms on either side and lifted their feet alternately up and down with a measured motion. The women extended their arms in front and waved them in a graceful manner from right to left and from left to right, their bodies meanwhile swaying with a similar movement and with perfect precision. Meanwhile every one was smiling and laughing. This latter part of the programme the

Fathers did not find difficult, but when they were drawn by the irresistible force of example to join in the saltatory motion, their efforts were less successful and served to increase their own and the general hilarity. It must be confessed that there is something grand, primitive and patriarchal, in this dance of a whole people along with their Sovereign—a dance expressive of the joy of the subjects and their desire that their royal mistress should partake in their happiness.

To the national dance succeeded those of the various tribes and provinces, the war dance, dances accompanied with music, singing, and the clapping of hands, &c. In none of these dances was there the slightest gesture to shock the eye or exceed the bounds of propriety.

Notwithstanding the kind dispositions manifested by the Queen towards the Fathers during the first few months of her reign, it was soon evident that the policy of the Court favoured the English rather than the French alliance, a fact which did not fail greatly to increase the influence of the Protestant missionaries. This was still more sensibly felt after the month of February, 1869, when the Queen and the Prime Minister received Baptism at the hands of a native Independent preacher. Anxious, however, to appear externally to hold an equal balance between the rival creeds, Ranavalona announced her intention of being present at the opening of the new Church of St. Joseph, which took place the following month. She did, in fact, present herself, but the pressure which had meanwhile been put upon her was so great, that, on her arrival at the church, she could with difficulty be persuaded to enter, and after remaining a few minutes, abruptly returned to the palace. This public recognition of the Catholic religion, slight as it was in itself and ungracious in the manner of its bestowal, was nevertheless a matter of importance, as the natives, who are easily influenced by the fear of the royal displeasure, would have found in her refusal to sanction the ceremony by her presence an additional obstacle to their own conversion.

From the day of the Queen's public profession of Christianity we may date the formal inauguration of the Independent form of dissent as the religion of the State. For it was not as a simple worshipper at the Congregational temples that Ranavalona henceforth posed in the eyes of her subjects, but as the nursing mother of the new State Church, whose claims she not only enforced upon her subjects by legal enactments, but to

whose preachers she supplied, as occasion required, a fountain of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Witness her formal diplomas granted November 18, 1869, to one hundred and twenty-four evangelists, by which the bearers were authorized to preach the Word of God, pure and unadulterated, to the rural population. These singular commissions were couched in the following terms :

"I, Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, have accepted the man chosen by the assembly of — to go and preach the Word of God according to the order of Jesus Christ: 'Go ye into the whole world,' &c. (St. Mark xvi. 15).

"Consequently I, Ranavalona, &c., give these instructions to you who are about to set out.

"You are going forth; but if, instead of preaching faithfully the Word of God according to the Holy Scriptures, you teach what is not conformable to the Divine Word, remember what Jesus Christ said: 'It were better that a millstone,' &c. (St. Luke xvii. 2).

"Go then straight forward and be worthy of the mission which you receive, for fear lest the words of Jesus Christ be applied to you: 'Cast the unprofitable servant into exterior darkness' (St. Matthew xxv. 30).

"'Be zealous, persevere as good soldiers of Jesus Christ' (2 Timothy ii. 3).

"'Feed the sheep with which you are charged and keep them well, not by violence but freely, not for money and fortune but by zeal' (1 St. Peter v. 2).

"May God aid you to accomplish the good works for which your assembly has chosen you. To you and to all who shall be taught by you, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God the Father, and the communication of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Here follows the royal seal and the countersign of the Prime Minister.

Though it is difficult to understand how the essential principles of the Independent persuasion can be reconciled with the assumed prerogatives of the Hova monarch, there is no room for doubt that their close connection with Government greatly facilitated the missionary operations of the preachers. The mere fact of their being the acknowledged representatives of the "Queen's religion," was in itself a sufficient recommendation of their doctrine to the timid minds of the natives. It was not long, moreover, before royal enactments were published ordering the erection of chapels and schools in the principal towns and villages, the inhabitants of which were not only charged with the labour and cost of construction, but also with

the maintenance of a permanent teacher who, in the absence of the minister, presided over the religious services and Bible Meetings. The observance of the Sabbath, which was strictly enforced, was watched over by the local chieftains, who for the most part were fanatical adherents of the State religion. These latter, surrounded by their numerous dependants, served to swell the Sunday congregations, and exercised a powerful influence, often enforced by threats and violence, over the remainder of the population. At times, however, when the attendance flagged, it was found necessary to send down from the capital a Government official to reprove and recall the backsliders. The following protest of one of the English missionaries against this violence offered to the Malagasy conscience, is highly creditable to the writer :

Whenever there is a decided decrease in attendance the pastors and chief men in some places, I am sorry to say, at once appeal to some one of importance in the capital to come to their rescue and read the people a lecture on the duty of keeping the Sabbath-day in a becoming manner. The services of an energetic servant of the Government and the churches are in frequent demand for this special service. He comes to Tsiafahy sometimes, and on these occasions what a congregation there is !

It is delightful to look upon a congregation of eight hundred or nine hundred people, especially if they assemble of their own good will to listen to the Gospel, but it is a distressing sight when these numbers are brought together like a flock of sheep, and I feel sure that preaching to people under such circumstances is preaching to little purpose (Annual Report of the London Missionary Society for 1885, p. 108).

Another enactment published about the same time, which operated powerfully in favour of the Independent sect, was the law of compulsory education. This was shortly followed by an injunction that no child, once entered upon the school list of any denomination, could hereafter be transferred to that of another religious body. As all the influence of the Government officials and principal chieftains was exerted in favour of the Independent schools, the effect of this clause was extremely disastrous to the cause of Catholic education. In vain did the Fathers appeal to the principle of perfect religious liberty guaranteed by the French treaty and incorporated in the Hova code. In vain did they protest against the violence done to the consciences of those Catholic parents who, when once induced by the pressure put upon them to allow their children to attend the schools of the

Independents, found no means of withdrawing afterwards from their false position or securing for their little ones the blessings of a Catholic education. The remonstrances of the missionaries both in this and in other matters, were met by the wily Prime Minister with abundance of fair words and specious promises, but their grievances were rarely redressed. In spite, however, of every obstacle, the Catholic classes continued to flourish and to compete successfully with the costly schools and collegiate institute of their opponents. So far was this the case that the Prime Minister, who often assisted at the public examinations, and the Queen herself, who took a pleasure in inspecting the needlework of the girls, frequently expressed their astonishment at the marked proficiency of the Catholic scholars and held them up as an example to excite the emulation of their rivals. As regards the numbers in attendance, notwithstanding the drawbacks alluded to, there was much cause for consolation. In the year 1881, shortly before the outbreak of the war with France, the number of children receiving instruction in the Catholic schools, under the care of fifty religious and two hundred lay teachers, amounted to twenty thousand.

The conversion of Ranavalona to the creed of the Independents was quickly followed by the publication of a royal ordinance, enjoining the immediate destruction of all superstitious objects. The Queen herself set the example to her subjects by committing to the flames everything of this nature which had come down to her from her ancestors. One of the Fathers, who was present in company with the royal commissioner, has given us a description of an *Auto-da-Fé* held in the outskirts of the capital. It took place in a natural amphitheatre, within which was an enclosure surrounded by a palisade. All around upon the slope of the hill sat a crowd of natives, who had brought with them the objects destined for the flames. First, there fell within the palings a shower of divining beads, which had been used for the purpose of forecasting future events. Then followed the charms and *samby*, the nature of which we have already described. To make sure that everything was surrendered, the Queen's officers summoned the inhabitants of the district to come forward in turns and open in their presence the boxes containing the sacred objects, which were then cast into the arena. The various articles were afterwards collected into a heap, and fire was set to the accumulated relics of many centuries of superstition.

Meanwhile the work of the mission continued steadily to progress. As early as the year 1871, the Fathers possessed four churches and flourishing schools in the capital, with no less than forty stations in the neighbouring district. The central province of Imerina, which contains many important towns and populous villages, was naturally the first scene of their labours. Travelling about with a band of catechists and choir boys, the missionary would pause on approaching a village, and enter with his attendants in procession singing sacred canticles. This plan of proceeding never failed to attract a ready audience; for the Malagasies are devoted lovers of music, and, having a correct ear, soon learn to mingle their voices in the general chorus. At the conclusion of the hymns the people would gather round the priest to listen to the instruction, which consisted of a simple explanation of the leading truths of religion, illustrated by large coloured engravings. Then followed the recital of the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Creed, and afterwards fresh hymns accompanied, perhaps, by the notes of the portable harmonium which often attended the expedition. When all was ended, a number of the audience would press forwards to be enrolled on the list of catechumens, and, though some among them would at times fall off through natural instability or motives of self-interest, many would be found to persevere, thus forming the nucleus of a new congregation which, gradually growing in importance, would necessitate after a time the erection of a chapel, the establishment of a school, and perhaps the residence of a priest. In this manner the province of Imerina was gradually evangelized and dotted over with a network of missions, in many of which were to be found the Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny pursuing the meritorious work of instruction, assisted by a band of native teachers whom they had themselves trained for the same office.

At the distance of a few days' journey south of Tananarivo, dwell the important tribe of the Betsileos, formerly a powerful and independent race, but now subject to the dominion of the Hovas. In the summer of 1871, Father Finaz undertook an apostolic expedition into this province, which was crowned with the most marked success. The eagerness to know and embrace the truth manifested by this rural population, as yet comparatively uncontaminated by the inroads of heresy, was indescribable, and very soon important missions were established at

Fiarantsoa and Fanjakana, the principal towns of the district, whence the neighbouring villages were gradually evangelized. The conversion of the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister and of one of his sons, who had been sent for his education to France, helped about this time to secure for the Catholic cause a more generous treatment. This temporary change of policy was evidenced by the royal donation of a site for the new mission at Fiarantsoa and an order for the free erection of the



church at Fanjakana. Schools were also opened for the instruction of the young, and, though in after years both teachers and scholars had much to undergo from the hatred and violence of the sectaries, the schools are still flourishing and numerous attended by the children of the Betsileos.

Meanwhile the Fathers did not neglect those admirable works of Christian charity which, though the natural expression of that Divine life which animates the Church of God, never fail

to produce a profound impression on the minds of heretics and infidels. Their devoted labours in tending the sick, visiting and instructing the prisoners, and gathering into refuges the orphan and abandoned children, contributed powerfully to prepare the hearts of the natives to receive with readiness the seed of Divine Truth. No work, however, which they undertook excited greater astonishment and more universal admiration than their efforts in behalf of those unhappy outcasts, abounding in Madagascar, who are afflicted with the loathsome disease of leprosy. Driven from their abodes in the cities and villages to a distance from every human habitation, these abandoned victims found shelter, as best they might, in the caves of the mountains and recesses of the forests, or were forced to herd together like swine in fixed enclosures from which they were not permitted to wander. Here they constructed for themselves, out of twigs and leaves, wretched hovels resembling rather sties and kennels than the habitation of any human being. Unprovided alike with food or clothing, they stretched out to the passers-by their squalid hands, imploring in piteous accents a few grains of rice, or some cast-off article of clothing to replace the filthy and corrupted rags which hardly served to cover their nakedness. Such was the forlorn and abandoned condition of the leper before the arrival of the Catholic missionaries in the island.

It happened one day that Father Lavaissiere, in travelling from Namehana to a neighbouring station, met with a poor leper boy who, in answer to his kind inquiries, conducted him to the enclosure set apart for the abode of his comrades. At the sight of the black robe of the missionary (so strange to the eyes of those who are accustomed to the white lamba of the country), all the inmates crept into their wretched huts. The good priest hastened to encourage them. "Fear not," said he, "I am your friend and your father, and am come to visit you."

At these words the lepers emerged from their kennels and gathered round the missionary to the number of about twenty. Never did the dew of heaven fall more sweetly and acceptably on the parched and thirsty soil than the consoling truths of Christianity on the hearts of this strange audience. On that day was laid the foundation of a new and fervent congregation.

Each succeeding week the zealous priest paid a fresh visit to his willing catechumens, instructing them with unwearied patience in the prayers, the hymns, and the catechism. The natives were filled with astonishment at his strange conduct,

which they were quite unable to understand, regarding as they did these unhappy outcasts with a mingled feeling of loathing and contempt. Nor had they ever beheld the ministers of other religious bodies interest themselves in the salvation of the despised leper. Here at least the field was left free and undisturbed to the charity of the Catholic missionary. Thus were many of the observers brought to recognize the true shepherd by his faithful imitation of his Divine Master.

One Sunday after the conclusion of Mass at the neighbouring station, a leading Christian of the congregation, belonging to the twelfth grade of honour, which is a high degree of rank among the Hovas, presented himself before the priest. He was accompanied by his children and relatives.

"I wish," said he, "to pay a visit to the lepers."

"Certainly," replied the Father; "we will go together."

The rest of the congregation begged permission to join in the expedition, and they all set out, singing hymns as they passed through the village. Arrived at the enclosure, the officer turned to his companions, saying:

"Let us sing our most beautiful hymns to gladden the hearts of our afflicted brethren!"

The hymns concluded, the lepers in their turn, after reciting their prayers and catechism, raised their voices in sacred song in a manner which drew tears from the eyes of their visitors. The officer ordered one of his attendants to distribute among them a large basket of ripe peaches, which he had brought for the purpose. He then addressed them:

"We have come to visit you, you who are our brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ. God will never abandon you. If you are obedient to the instructions of the Father, you will receive the Kingdom of Heaven. We offer you a gift of the fruits of the earth. It is little indeed, but it is a mark of our love for our Blessed Lord and our love for you."

"*Voloma*," replied the lepers with one voice, that is, "May you live long and may God protect you."

This spontaneous deed of charity on the part of his fervent neophytes greatly rejoiced the heart of the missionary. He would hardly have ventured of himself to propose to them a visit so repugnant to the prejudices of the country.

Early in the following year, 1873, nineteen lepers received Baptism from the hands of Father Causseque. The sacred ceremony was performed under the shade of a wide-spreading

tree in the midst of a vast assembly of Catholics, among whom were many other curious spectators who had flocked from all sides to witness so unusual an event. The service concluded, the lepers intoned a hymn of thanksgiving, which was swelled by the notes of the portable harmonium, brought to add solemnity to the occasion.

Having secured for their interesting neophytes the inestimable blessing of Divine Faith, the next care of the good Fathers was to ameliorate in some degree the temporal misery of these abandoned outcasts. Food, clothing, and a sufficient shelter to protect them from the scorching sun, the cold night air, and the deluges of the rainy season, were all absolutely needed, and the missionaries spared no effort to enlist in their behalf the charity of their richer brethren, and especially of the Christians of Europe. Bountiful alms flowed in from all quarters, and it was not long before their most pressing wants were supplied. The most difficult part of the work still remained, namely, to provide them with a suitable home, a provision rendered still more necessary by their increasing numbers, for though the mortality among them was great, the rumour of the charity of the missionaries attracted numbers who were similarly afflicted from other districts. In this conjuncture the Fathers met with a noble and generous benefactor in the last survivor of the Bourbon dynasty, who took upon himself the cost of the new hospital. This establishment, dedicated to St. Camillus of Lellis, is situated on the slope of a hill adjoining the high-road, and consists of a central chapel with a row of separate dwellings for the lepers extending on either side. Frequently did the passers-by pause on their way to listen to the melodious notes of the sacred canticles rising to Heaven from the lips of the lepers, who, though their bodies were falling to pieces, had still their voices left to hail their coming deliverance, and glorify their Heavenly Father for the eternal kingdom prepared for them in another world.

In the year 1872, the zealous Prefect Apostolic, the Very Rev. Father Jouen, to whose prudent and energetic administration the mission was so deeply indebted for its early progress, passed to his reward, and his death was followed a few years later by that of the worthy French Consul, M. Laborde. Father Jouen was succeeded in his office by Father Cazet, who has been recently elevated to the Episcopal dignity and appointed to the vicariate of Madagascar. The exceeding

consolation which this event will afford to the Malagasy neophytes may be conjectured from the religious enthusiasm which they displayed on occasion of the visit of the Bishop of Reunion, 1875. His journey from Tamatave to the capital bore the character of a triumphal procession, while his gracious reception by the Queen and the solemn Pontifical functions served to encourage the faithful and enhance the glories of Catholic worship in the eyes of the Hovas.

The years succeeding the visit of Mgr. Delannoy exhibit the same record of persevering labour and steady progress in spite of many petty persecutions and other obstacles. The constant misrepresentations of their adversaries were victoriously exposed both in the pulpit and in the columns of the *Resaka*, a monthly periodical in the Hova tongue published by the Jesuit Fathers. There were other weapons in the hands of their opponents against which it was more difficult to contend. Witness the continued difficulties thrown in the way of Catholic education and the many contracts for building sites which were thrown over at the moment of completion or afterwards rescinded through some secret influence. The work of conversion, however, went on uninterruptedly, and in 1881 the professed adherents of Catholic worship, as stated by Father Lavaissiere, numbered about eighty thousand. In this computation the catechumens are not distinguished from the baptized Catholics, who were probably in a considerable minority owing to the careful probation exacted from their converts by the Jesuit Fathers. In the excellent *Atlas des Missions*, lately published at Lyons, the number of actual Catholics in Madagascar is set down as 23,940, who are described as being under the spiritual charge of 48 Fathers of the Society, assisted by 20 lay-brothers. The Catholic churches are numbered at 63, and the chapels or oratories at 161.

As Madagascar is often put forward as an example of a country converted to Christianity by the zealous efforts of Protestant missionaries, the reader will naturally expect some allusion to the results of their labours. We have therefore extracted a few statistics from the last Annual Report of the London Missionary Society, whose agents (of the Independent persuasion) form the bulk of the Protestant missionary staffs engaged in the evangelization of the island. Owing to their long residence in Madagascar and their intimate connection with the Court, the influence of these clergymen is far in advance of

that of the missionaries of the Church of England and the Norwegian Lutherans, who came later into the field and are more locally circumscribed in their operations. In the returns to which we have alluded the number of Congregational Church members is stated to be 60,581, to whom are added 199,283 so-called *adherents*. These members and adherents are distributed in 2,035 stations and out-stations under the charge of 26 English male and three female missionaries, who are assisted in their labours by 756 native ordained pastors and 4,005 native preachers. These results have been attained at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for the Report goes on to say that during the last twenty-three years the Mission of Madagascar "has cost the constituents of the Society £244,472."² Now if to the quarter of a million professing Christians claimed by the Independents we add a generous allowance for the results of the smaller Protestant missions, and join to this sum the eighty thousand converts and catechumens of the Catholic Church, we shall arrive at a grand total of about half a million. Hence we may infer, since the population of Madagascar is usually estimated at about five million, that the proportion of those who have given in their adhesion to Christianity is about one-tenth, and of those who have actually become Christians by the reception of Baptism, about one-fortieth of the entire number of the inhabitants. From these facts it is evident that the popular belief in the conversion of the Malagasies, as a nation, is without foundation, though the results already achieved are by no means inconsiderable.

The long protracted hostilities between France and Madagascar, now happily terminated, had their immediate origin in the efforts made by the Hova Sovereign to assert her rule over the Sakalava tribes dwelling on the north-west coast of the island, over whom the French claimed a right of protectorate. The hoisting of the Hova flag on Sakalava soil, at a point almost opposite to the French colony of Nossi Bé, was accordingly looked upon as an insult to France and a sufficient *casus belli*. It is true that other and perhaps more serious causes of complaint had been passed over in silence, such as frequent infractions of the French treaty in regard to liberty of conscience, the arbitrary disinheritance of the heirs of M. Laborde, &c., but it was hardly to be expected that a Government, which at home had persistently persecuted religion and trampled upon the

² P. 100.

private rights of its subjects, would undertake a distant and costly war for the sake of compelling an African tribe to adopt a more equitable policy than that which they themselves had inaugurated. But to have it said that French influence was extinct in Madagascar, and that Hova rule, backed as they conceived by England, was predominant in spots where the French flag formerly waved, was an insult which the Government of M. Ferry could not for a moment brook. Angry recriminations passed rapidly too and fro, the French claiming the right of protectorate in certain parts of the island and perfect freedom in the acquisition of land, and the Hovas as loudly repudiating their pretensions.

Meanwhile, with the hope of averting the coming storm by personal negotiations, or at least of securing the co-operation of England in the impending struggle, Rainilaiarivany, the astute Prime Minister, had despatched an embassy to Europe composed of four distinguished Malagasy nobles. Received at Paris with studied coldness and an inflexible determination to enforce the claims of France to the utmost, the ambassadors soon passed over to London, where they were again doomed to experience the bitterness of disappointment. Buoyed up as they had been with the fallacious hope that England would be ready to espouse their quarrel, or at least to interpose her influence in their behalf, their chagrin must have been great when, on applying at the Foreign Office, they were plainly told to dismiss all hopes of British interference, and were advised to lose no time in coming to terms with their powerful enemy. In vain did the missionary societies flock to the breach and strive to enlist in their cause the religious sympathies of the public. Fêted, flattered and interviewed, as they were, on all sides by religious and social philanthropists, the unlucky ambassadors at length realized that they were wasting their time, and that, as far as Protestant England was concerned, their country would have to fight its own battles and bear its own responsibilities. Whereupon, quitting in haste the shores of perfidious Albion, they crossed the Atlantic in the vain hope of finding in the people of the United States more generous allies.

At length, on May 8, 1883, the threatened storm burst over the western shores of Madagascar. The French Admiral Pierre, arriving with his squadron at Nossi Bé, proceeded to bombard the Hova posts, and a few days after took possession of the port of Majanga. Proceeding thence to the eastern side

of the island, he anchored in front of Tamatave and despatched an ultimatum to the capital demanding immediate recognition of the French claims and the payment of an indemnity. A negative answer being returned, he bombarded the town, which, on the 11th of June, was taken by assault and garrisoned with French troops. With the exception of the bombardment of a few small ports and some trifling skirmishes on land, no military movement of any importance has been recorded on either side. For nearly three consecutive years the French fleet closely blockaded the coast, while the Hovas, perched in security amid their mountain fastnesses, continued to oppose to the threatening attitude of their enemies a dignified indifference and dogged defiance.

Though unproductive of any decisive advantage with regard to the settlement of the pending dispute, the thunder of the French artillery had proved terribly disastrous to the Catholic mission. As soon as the news of the bombardment of Majanga reached the capital, an edict was published ordering all French subjects to quit the island within five days. This short interval of grace was devoted by the Fathers to the urgent spiritual needs of their flocks. They exhorted their neophytes to the exercise of patience and perseverance, fortified them with the sacraments, and laid down regulations for their future conduct. Meanwhile they summoned their scattered brethren from the country districts, and made hasty preparations for their departure. On the 29th of May the last Mass was celebrated, and after a parting exhortation to the assistants, the Sacrament of Baptism was administered to thirty catechumens. The mournful exodus then commenced, and amid the tears and lamentations of the faithful and a respectful silence on the part of the rest of the spectators, the exiles bade adieu to the capital and began their laborious journey to the coast. The toil of this was much enhanced by the want of porters to bear their baggage, and litters to convey the delicate, aged, and infirm, but it was impossible to supply this want in the prevailing state of popular excitement. Nor was the escort appointed to conduct them, and prevent communication with the natives, always able or willing to protect them from insult. Thus on one occasion the road was purposely blocked by a band of soldiers who, when the weary travellers meekly strove to find a passage through the crowd, seized the Fathers by their beards and struck them rudely. Their sufferings, however, were not to be com-

pared with those of their brethren from Ambositra, a city lying considerably to the south of Tananarivo. These good priests fell into the hands of a set of inhuman guards who, instigated by a fanatical preacher, subjected them to the most cruel outrages. Not only were they forced to drag themselves on foot for many days under a broiling sun while suffering from utter exhaustion and a burning fever, but they were not even permitted to purchase provisions or accept a morsel of food from the compassionate Betsileos, through whose villages they passed. Arrived at Mananjary on the sea coast, they were kept close prisoners in the deserted mission house, where Father Batz and Brother Brutail succumbed to the combined effects of hunger, fever, and exhaustion. The two survivors were saved by the timely arrival of a vessel bound for the Mauritius, which received them on board and restored them to the arms of their brethren.

Meanwhile the exiles from the capital had reached the French lines at Tamatave, where they were received with affectionate sympathy by their compatriots. Divine Providence had reserved for them on their arrival an unexpected consolation, namely, the news of the conversion of the English Consul, Mr. Packenham, who for twenty years had been one of the most powerful supporters of the Protestant cause. Being in delicate health, the shock of the bombardment brought on a serious illness. Perceiving his life to be in danger, he sent for Father Cazet, made his abjuration, and four days later calmly expired, fortified with the sacraments. The exiled Fathers arrived in time to take part in the solemn obsequies, which were attended by both French and English officers and marines.

Another source of consolation to the missionaries has been the fidelity to the profession and practice of their religion which has been displayed by the Malagasy converts during the prolonged absence of their pastors. It is true that they have not had to encounter the storm of open persecution, for the Hova Government, true to its public professions of religious tolerance, has neither proscribed the doctrine nor confiscated the goods of the Church. At the same time they have had much to undergo from the solicitations, threats, and petty annoyances of individuals, who have taken the opportunity of attacking and vilifying a religion which has become unfortunately associated in the minds of the populace with the name of their national enemies. It is in circumstances like these that the want of a

native clergy is severely felt, and it is greatly to be regretted that the continued efforts of the Jesuit Fathers have failed to supply the need. Out of all the promising youths selected by them for ecclesiastical training, and after many years employed in forming their minds and imparting to them a superior education, one only, who did not long survive, arrived at the goal of the priesthood. The remainder, sooner or later, turned their back upon the plough and engaged in secular pursuits.

Thrown after the expulsion of the missionaries on their own resources, the neophytes of Tananarivo consulted among themselves how they could best carry into effect the parting instructions of their pastors. Forming themselves into an association which they called the Catholic Union, they proceeded to make provisional arrangements for the continuance of the good works already established, and especially for the maintenance of public worship and religious instruction. Each day the churches were opened as usual for morning prayer, which was recited by some pious laic and accompanied with sacred canticles. On Sundays, the religious services were conducted with all possible solemnity, the usual chants for Mass and Vespers being sung by the assembled congregations. The schools also, both in town and country, were still kept open under the care of the lay-teachers who had been already trained by the exiled religious. In an affecting letter written by the few native postulants, who after the departure of the nuns still continued to live in community and practise their wonted exercises, the writers describe the exceeding fervour, zeal, and spirit of union which reigned among the members of the flock. At the same time they bewail in touching language the absence of our Blessed Lord from the tabernacle and their longing desire to be again nourished with the Bread of Life. "We beg of you," say they, "when you have the happiness of receiving our Lord, to tell Him how much we also long to do the same. Return then to us, O Jesus, beloved of our hearts, for we are firmly resolved to do all we can to please Thee. Adieu, Fathers and Mothers, whom we can never forget. Distance separates us, but our hearts meet together in the Sacred Heart of Jesus." In reading these words the exiled missionaries must have felt that the seed which they had sown at the price of so many labours and sacrifices, had truly fallen upon good soil, and was now producing a precious harvest to console them in the tribulation of their banishment.

The death of Queen Ranavalona, which took place a short time after the commencement of the war, and the succession of her niece, who assumed the title of Ranavalona the Third, produced no immediate change in the aspect of political events. The new Queen was, in fact, a mere puppet, the creature of the Prime Minister, who chose her for the position, has already espoused her, and continues to administer the government in her name. Both parties having become convinced of the futility of prolonging a conflict by which both were sufferers, Rainilaiarivany has recently concluded a treaty with the French Government, which, it is to be hoped, will inaugurate a new and auspicious era in the history of the Malagasy Church. The most important article of this agreement is the establishment of a French protectorate, which will regulate the foreign relations of the Hovas and be represented at Tananarivo by a permanent French resident. Every facility for mercantile and other pursuits is accorded to French residents, the transfer of property is legalized, and perfect freedom of conscience confirmed. Already are the zealous Fathers of the Society of Jesus, with their new Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Cazet, at their head, hastening back to the scene of their former labours, eager to rebuild the ruins and repair the breaches made by their enemies during their absence. Let us pray that God may speed them in their good work, and that they may be permitted to gather in joy a bountiful harvest from the seed which they have sown amid many sufferings and tribulations. *Euntes ibant et flebant mittentes semina sua; venientes autem venient cum exultatione portantes manipulos suos.*¹

H. GIBSON.

¹ Psalm cxxv. 6.

In Far Cornwall.

IN this age of improvements and marvellous inventions, it is curious to visit a spot that has remained unaltered, untouched for centuries. It seems almost incredible that in enlightened England there *can* exist people who have never seen a train, to whom the great discoveries of the day are things wonderful and mysterious, but not for "such as them" to behold. Yet far down in old Cornwall, on the borders of the great Atlantic, lies the little village of Morwenstow. There the shrill whistle of the train has never been heard, and no telegraph wires have ever flashed messages for weal or woe over the heads of the simple inhabitants.

They know as little of the life in great cities, as the Tamar River when it rises in their midst a tiny stream. If you should wish to visit this rustic spot, you will find the journey a long one, but whatever you are, archæologist, painter, or poet, you will be amply repaid in the end. One word of warning, however, do not choose a winter's day. At that season of the year, the old ocean is apt to lose his temper, and to lash and scourge the strong rocks and send his white spray far inland like snow.

It is all very well to say you enjoy a gale of wind, so you may, in some places, but here, were you so venturesome as to stand on the brink of those iron-bound cliffs for one moment in a north-west storm, the next would see you swallowed up in those white waves beyond. But let us imagine it is a beautiful day in the late spring or early summer, and that the train, with a final snort, has deposited you at Holsworthy Station, fifteen miles distant from Morwenstow, and refused to convey you any further. You can easily hire a conveyance in which to complete your journey, for at this season there are always plenty waiting when the train arrives. A one-horse trap is better than nothing, you say, so you mount beside the driver and start on the many

miles still before you ere you can reach Morwenstow. If you have never been in these parts before, the language of your Jehu will be somewhat puzzling. The old Cornish tongue has long ago died out. One, Dolly Pentreath, who died at Penzance, 1778, aged one hundred and two, is said to have been the last who spoke it habitually. It bore greater affinity with the Breton or Armorican dialect of Brittany than with the Welsh, though it probably forms the link of union between the Celtic dialect of France, and that of the Cambrian Hills. But even at the present day the Cornishman's English is unlike that of any other county, and it is some time before one becomes fully accustomed to his many strange idioms. However, you must do your best, and will no doubt elicit many a startling adventure and tale, for Cornishmen are unequalled for their powers of description, and still retain much of the dramatic power of their ancestors. There is little beauty of scenery so far, tall hedges rise on either side, a tangled mass of foliage. They are careless farmers in these parts, and it is not often that the trimming knife cuts down the clinging bramble or spiry fern. "'Ere be Crimp, sir," your driver says at last, and you rejoice greatly when he adds, "Only three mile more afore us reaches Morwenstow." So far you are disappointed, a great moorland stretches all round, the few trees have turned their branches landwards, and their leaves are shrivelled and seared by the winds. Now you ascend a hill, and passing on your right a gentleman's residence called Chapel House (it is mentioned in C. Kingsley's novel *Westward Ho!*), you enter a little hamlet bearing the laconic name of Shop. Here is *the* shop and the post-office, there are about a dozen cottages and a smithy besides. Once more you drive on, and at length your driver pulls up opposite a patch of green sward surrounded by tumble-down cottages and announces his intention of putting up his horse at "the Inn," "leastways if you be willin', sir." You get down and inquire which is the way to the church. "I'll tell y' sir. Yere be Dick Vound, he be going to Vic'rage, he'll tak' y' strite down." "Dick Found, what queer names you have in these parts!" you exclaim. "Us a-don't know his proper name, sir, but one night about a-heighty year ago, so I've 'eard un tell, old Betty Brown that lived out Crimp way 'eard a carriage drivin' past 'er door, it stopped for a minute like, and then drove on. Well Betty a-catched up somethin' throwed it round 'er and run'ed out, and there a lyin' on the ground was a hamper. Betty 'ollered for

'er ole man, and 'e comed out and 'tween 'em they opened it and there was the beautifulest baby you'd ever see. So I've 'eard un tell. Well Betty she brought un up like as 'twas 'er own and the passon a-christened un Richard, and us a-called un Vound 'cause no one knawed where he comed from." That is his history, and you wonder as you walk down the steep hill beside the old man if maybe he has good English blood in his veins, for his features are finely moulded and his hands, though rough with the work of eighty years, are shapely still. But these thoughts are driven from your mind by the beautiful view which a turn in the road reveals. Instead of the gloomy moorlands and dreary road to which your eyes have been accustomed so long, you see a blaze of colour, light, and beauty. Down in the hollow the grey old church of St. Morwenna rears its stately head, and lower still the Vicarage hides among the trees.

The background of the picture is formed by Hennacliffe, the eagle's crag, four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. At this season of the year it is clad like a king in purple (for the heather is in bloom), and crowned with golden gorse. The beautiful yellow gorse! No wonder Linnæus fell on his knees in a transport of delight when he first saw it and thanked God for having made so wonderful a thing. In sight of all this profusion we can hardly fancy him trying to rear a tiny pot of it with infinite trouble in his Swedish home.

And there lies the sea, blue as the sky above, sparkling in the sunlight. Can it ever be cruel and pitiless that summer sea? Ask the quiet sleepers that rest in the churchyard, the crew of many a gallant ship lies there. In that little tumble-down house by the lych-gate the crushed mangled bodies have been laid side by side, with the salt-water dripping slowly from them, and their white dead faces turned up towards that rent in the roof round which the ivy twines—then each body in turn was carried forth in the plain wooden coffin and placed in the grave prepared for it. What matter that few follow it to mourn, when the earth has closed it in. In death all men are brothers, and these strangers from distant lands sleep calmly with Cornishmen around and Cornish hands to lay them in their graves.

But enter at the lych-gate, to your left a boat lies keel upwards, its work is over. Never again will it plough the deep, for the strong hands that manned it are crumbling into dust. On the right is a granite tomb, it bears the inscription :

HERE LIETH JOHN MANNING OF —
WHO DIED WITHOUT ISSUE.
I AM BERIED IN THE
VL. DAIE OF AV-
GVST 1601.

Before you is the Norman doorway of the church ; for a time you must shut out the bright sunlight if you wish to see the interior of the old building. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the descent into the nave is by three steps. The font is directly opposite ; this huge mass of stone (which is probably of Saxon date), has a cable carved round its base. This is said to be in memory of the vessel of old anchored in the Galilæan Sea. The church consists of nave, chancel, and two aisles. The pillars are of different styles, some Norman, others early English. On their summits are grotesque granite heads, one representing a ram, another a human countenance distorted by a grin, the latter bears the name of the grin of Arius, and it is told how in an old picture of the Council of Nicæa the baffled Arius is shown among the Doctors with his features convulsed into a hideous and demoniac spasm of malignant mirth. A portion of beautiful carving remains near the chancel, it is a broken fragment of the fifteenth century, and represents the Church, symbolized by a tower, assailed by a two-headed monster, an emblem of the Evil Spirit, it is defended by the Holy Ghost signified by a dove. A priest's grave lies just without the chancel, his head to the east, waiting to render an account of the Masses he celebrated in this very church, and the flock to whom he ministered many centuries ago. The eastern window is of recent date, a scene in the life of St. Morwenna is thereon depicted, and on either side are St. Peter and St. Paul. And what of St. Morwenna, who was she? you ask. There is very little known of her ; it is said that there dwelt in Wales in the ninth century a Celtic king, Breachan by name, and Gladwys was his Queen. They had, according to Leland, twenty-four children ; many of these were doubtless but the offspring of neighbouring princes, who were sent for educational purposes to be brought up in the palace of the King. Of these Morwenna was one, and she grew to womanhood, wise and holy, above her generation. A king named Ethelwulf ruled Saxon England at this time, and as he also had many children, he besought Breachan to send him Morwenna, that she might train his daughter Editha to follow in her saintly footsteps. She came,

and so pleased the King by her learning and piety, that he promised to grant her whatsoever she asked. One day she stood before him and said, "Sir, there is a rugged headland in far Cornwall that looks along the Severn Sea, they call it Hennacliffe. Oft have I watched the sun fall red upon that rock, from my home in Wales. Give me, I beseech thee my lord the King, a station for a priest in that wild spot." Her prayer was heard, this stately church arose. As she grew old Morwenna took up her abode in a cell near by. When her end drew near she sent for her brother St. Nectan, who lived at Hartland, and besought him to lift her up that her eyes might rest on her native hills of Wales. He did so, and her saintly spirit passed away. Many writers think her body rests beneath these grey stones. It may be so, but see the sun shines through the western window, the rooks are cawing noisily and settling into their nests in the churchyard trees. It is time to leave the quiet church, for the villagers say spirits haunt these aisles, and woe to mortal man if he should behold them. Outside the sun is slowly dipping like a ball of fire into the sea, casting a golden glow on Lundy Island, and lighting up grey Tintadgel rock in the far distance. The white gulls eddy screaming round your head, and see, there is a Cornish chough,

With the talons and beak all red as blood,

a descendant no doubt of the famous bird said to have been animated by the spirit of the great King Arthur.

The beach is inaccessible save at one point, where a path has been cut in the cliff. How smooth those green slopes look! One can easily imagine pixies and fairies keeping their midnight revels here. Men say they departed from the land at the Reformation, and Bishop Corbet, who wrote in 1648, tells us that

The fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas
Or, further, for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease,

but the Cornish people still believe in them. "They are a superstitious race," you say. Perhaps it is so. Do you see that green level bit of ground below Hennacliffe—they say a chapel

dedicated to St. Morwenna once stood there, and that even the yellow gorse refused to grow on ground consecrated to God. But these are old-world fancies, return again to *your* world outside Morwenstow. Yet breathe a prayer on your homeward journey that ere the bells of Morwenna's church are silenced for ever they may call once more the Cornish people to the worship of the faith once delivered to the saints, and that true English priests may stand again within the chancel and chant, as of old, a Requiem for those who perish in the deep sea beyond.

MORWENNA P. HAWKER.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER LI.

TRUTH had prevailed, but justice was not done, nor could be, as things were. Colonel Claverock, who at one time had gained the sympathy of the neighbourhood on the unsupported evidence of an ambiguous expression in a note, was now under vague suspicion with regard to both properties. The Stranger and Lady Maud had met, and heard, and spoken; but they were separated now, and though all available means had been tried, there was no prospect of bringing them together. Truth, in short, had prevailed over a forgery and a suggested falsehood, but Crayston and Mrs. Hopkins were not the worse for it.

Crayston owed much to himself, and more to Lady Ledchester. His own defensive letters convinced the chosen few who received them, and being marked "private" conveyed their meaning beyond, on other authority than his own; and yet success would have been impossible, if Lady Ledchester had been less well bred, less prudent, less tactful, than he knew her to be. All combinable circumstances continued in his favour, even the absence of favours on the liveries. Only three or four people besides Dr. Ranston had been told of the intended wedding, so quiet was it to have been; and they, when asked afterwards, knew nothing so very much, that it died away among discredited rumours. Old Pitmore, who had privately grinned at the prospect, and applauded himself much for having blundered on the truth, disbelieved it now, and being angry with every one concerned therein, was so much the more obstinate. All this would have availed nothing without the wise forbearance of Lady Ledchester, whose course of action is expressed in the following ultimatum, addressed some three days afterwards to Crayston:

The few lines given to you at the door, on that Thursday morning, told you what I feel and implied what you are. I have nothing to add

with regard to that, for you know me and you know what you have done. But the nature of the case makes it advisable for me, and *all important for you*, that publicity should be avoided. My dearest child must not be talked of in connection with your hellish appeal to her noble spirit of self-sacrifice; and therefore I shall treat you apparently as before, when we meet—which had better be as seldom as is consistent with appearances. I have never known, or heard of, or imagined, so mean and utterly detestable a scoundrel; but for the reason I have mentioned, things must be as I have said. This letter will be given into your own hands, that I may be sure of your having received it. Therefore do not trouble yourself to write an acknowledgment. There is no need of one, and I had much rather be without it. Your behaviour admits of no defence, and as to your consent *celà va sans dire*. I could crush you with a word; and if you resent what I have written, or attempt in any way to make out a case for yourself, I will.

JANE LEDCHESTER.

P.S.—I warn you, for your own sake, against attempting a reply to this, or, at any time, making any excuse. If you do, I shall have to describe your conduct in detail, which you would not like.

She enclosed this to Lady de Freville, asking her to have it given into his hands. "I will explain why," she added, "when I see you. We return home as soon as Maud is able to travel."

It reached Freville Chase and was duly delivered, much to the delight of Crayston. When the bearer had gone, and the contents were before him, conflicting emotions disturbed for awhile the economy of life. Peace at any price, provided that such price were privately paid, was so necessary to his well-being, as understood by himself, that he could not by any means afford to throw away any chance of it. But then—to be called names, and threatened so, and have it all written down before him in her large handwriting! Dignity and caution urged their respective claims with such eagerness that he was quite confused, but within half an hour he had recovered sufficiently to write this:

My dear Lady Ledchester,—I abstain from showing you how entirely you have been led to misjudge my conduct; first, because you express a wish that I should not, secondly, because time will show it far better than words, and thirdly, because the fearful trial that you have had makes it impossible for you to judge dispassionately. I can only say—

"I can only say," he mumbled in his mind. "I can only say."

What he would have said is not known ; but just then his eyes fell on the postscript, and both letters disappeared in the flame of a wax candle.

"One can't answer a woman," he said to himself by way of protest ; and then he tried to remember the pacification without the terms. But how could he get rid of the skeleton in the cupboard ? And how could he be sure of its remaining in the cupboard, locked away from the public sight ? That dreadful page, who, having overheard the unpleasant words grievously uttered by Lord Ledchester, had told them to Giacomo, and even run after the carriage repeating the same ! It was a new fear that, strange to say, had not occurred to him before. He reddened and remonstrated and rushed about the room, hearing in imagination a multitude of voices repeat the intolerable statement, "I heard his lordship say he'd take and kick him out of the place," and then seeing the face of Lady Maud just as he would have seen it, if he had seen her. He was not prepared to say :

Whip me, ye devils
From the possession of this heavenly sight !

but, almost any other process of ejection would have been welcome, and he would willingly have settled a considerable sum of money on the page, if by so doing, silence could be secured. But then, there was Giacomo, and there was the coachman. Should he speak to each of them delicately, and make it worth their while to understand how the page, being a rude boy, had said rude things of somebody not named ?

This piece of diplomacy, however, was not required in fact ; for the coachman had not heard the objectionable words, Giacomo could not afford to irritate Crayston, and Lord Ledchester's butler, being a prudent man as well as an old servant, had then and there settled the page's mind in these words :

"You are an impudent, good for nothing boy—picking up things without knowing who my lord meant, and then insulting Mr. Crayston's man with a pack of nonsense. If it comes to my lord's ears you *will* be in a mess ; and ten to one there will be a complaint made. Look here ! If ever I catch you speaking of it again, or hear of you speaking about it to anybody——"

This unfinished threat had imposed silence on the boy, but it gave no comfort to Crayston uninformed. The sword of Damocles was no more than a loose cobweb on a ceiling

compared with the dreaded tongue of that small boy. If the words were repeated he must either resent or not resent them. If he resented them he would proclaim their cause. If he did not, the cause would proclaim him. In either event society would punish him, though Lady Ledchester spoke not. If honour has lost or mislaid the scourge that it once wielded well, ridicule still has its birch rod, and makes it felt. When he thought of these things as they appeared then, so suddenly and so like the anticipated evidence of a foretaste, he clung in spirit to the protection of the lady who had "never known, heard of, or imagined so mean and utterly detestable a scoundrel."

But then, how could her silence protect him against the playful activity of that small boy's tongue? He knew not that its motions had been regulated by the prudent butler, and he did know that, out of his own line, he would be miserably out of place—his talents lost, his position nowhere, his taste annoyed, his habits uprooted. It was a hot day; but as he sat there shivering inwardly at the prospect before him, he might well have said:

'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

If humility meant being humbled, instead of humbling oneself, or as St. Thomas defines it, "subjecting what is our own in ourselves to what is of God in another," pride ought by this time to have made extraordinary progress in humility, for great indeed are its experiences in that way. Crayston had defied God, and he trembled at the laughter of a small boy. Colonel Claverock, after his prideful speech by the two roads, had virtually apologized for suspecting Mrs. Hopkins, though he half suspected her all the while.

CHAPTER LII.

WHILE Crayston, like a frightened guest in a haunted room, longed exclusively to be safe on the other side of a certain time, and Colonel Claverock, checkmated by Mrs. Hopkins, had the well-known alternative of Hobson's choice before him, not even Mick knew where the Stranger was. A few days after Colonel Claverock's abortive attempt against the secrecy and permanence of Mrs. Hopkins (that is, on the 4th of October), a groom rode into the stableyard at Freville Chase, about one o'clock,

bringing a note for Lady de Freville. She opened it and read :

My dear Elfrida,—Do help me to do something. We have been detained in London by the illness of Maud, and are nearly worn out with anxiety. Are there no means of finding him? Come and see us, for God's sake, and try if you can think of some way to find out where he is. He was at Peveridge Bay just before we went to London. I sent them to ask, but the man seemed afraid of saying. Come to me. Come to-day, if you can.

Your affectionate,

JANE LEDCHESTER.

"Look at that," she said, showing it to her husband. "What can we do?"

"That fellow Mick!" said he, when he had read it. "I know his ways. A very good fellow, with an inveterate habit of being cautious at the wrong time. All I can do is to ride there, then go on to Monksgallows, and come back with you. He will tell *me* if he knows—if!"

An hour afterwards they set out on their different ways. Mick was not at home, but expected, and though expected soon, came home within an hour. This time there was no need of cross-questioning. He seemed anxious when asked, and looked as if he had half expected the visit.

"Well, my lord," he said, "I wish I could tell you—indeed and I do then—and by the same token, I was in hopes you'd have told me about him. I've got a bit of writing here, that told me the place where I was to send his boxes; but he isn't there at all."

"Perhaps they might know at Marlton, my lord," said Mick's wife. "That was where we sent the cart for his things."

"Not a bit in the world," said Mick. "They wouldn't spake a word about him there. I couldn't get a civil answer out of the spalpeens. There's been a shindy of some sort, I'm thinking, and I'll go bail anywhere it isn't his fault."

"Just let me look at the writing," said Lord de Freville. "I might be able to hear of him where his luggage went."

"That's so," said Mick, fumbling in his pocket.

A letter appeared by degrees out of his tobacco-pouch, and on it was the address.

"A lawyer's office, I see," said Lord de Freville.

"That's true my lord," answered Mick. "But he tould me he wouldn't be knowing at all where he was."

"He told us that he couldn't be sure where he would be," said Mick's wife correctively.

"That's it," said Mick. "'I won't be able,' said he, 'to know where I am at all.'"

"I am afraid this is a bad business," thought Lord de Freville, mounting his horse. "But who can guess where he is gone, or to what part of the world?" "Well," he said, "good morning, and thank you both. One can but try."

"One can but try," thought his wife a few minutes later at Monksgallows, when the carriage door was opened.

She was taken upstairs to the boudoir where, in ignorance and good faith, Leofric's cause had once been pleaded. The writing-table was covered with letters, written and received, including one to herself. Lady Ledchester put it into her hand, saying, "This is very, very kind of you—and so quick. Read what I have written here. It explains all. *You* must know it, and Lord de Freville, who rode off to tell him, and saved my poor child. Read, and spare me the pain of telling you again what I have written."

Lady de Freville read it carefully, and said, "I never believed in Mr. Crayston, not even when I was a little girl and he brought me dolls from Paris; but I should never have expected this. What a horrible man! I should have thought that he was too selfish and cautious, and loved society too much, and knew the world too well."

"That is just it. He knew the world thoroughly. He knew that he would be safe if he succeeded, and safe if he failed. If he had not been stopped in time, we must have been silent on her account; and there would have been no evidence against him, except the word of one man who would, if I have read his character rightly, have kept a chivalrous silence for her sake. He would, at all events, have been out of the way, and his accusation, if made, would have been set aside as a spiteful calumny from one who had been disinherited for misconduct. That man—he is at Marlton now, as if nothing had happened—would have been safe, and he *is* safe. I have told him so—told him why. Here is a copy of what I wrote to him a few days ago. It was very strong, I know, but not too strong for the occasion. I never did know, or hear of, or imagine, so mean and utterly detestable a scoundrel."

Lady de Freville read it, and said, "Nor I either. But can't you make use of his fears, and force him to give you the Stranger's direction?"

"We sent to Marlton about it. Lord Ledchester went there himself, and could discover nothing. My only hope is in that Irishman at Peveridge Bay. If Lord de Freville would go there——"

He went when I left home, and I expect him here presently."

"How very kind and good of him to go there at once, and then come all this distance out of his way to see me! and how beautifully he has behaved (and you have too) about Netherwood and about that abominable will case! Have you found out anything more?"

"Nothing since it collapsed. We have suspicions about one of the servants at Raven's Combe, but Colonel Claverock seems to have none; and he ought to know best, since it concerns him only. We are very sorry for him, poor man. He was dragged into a questionable position, that may tell against him. We are anxious to get him out of it, if we only knew how; but unless he is able to unravel the thing himself, we had better leave it alone, and only show that we are friendly with him."

"You are quite right. No one could have acted better than you both have, all through; and you have indeed been tried. I hear that nothing could equal the good feeling shown by all the people about Freville Chase."

"Yes. You heard the bare truth. If we should live to be a hundred years old, the remembrance of that would be as fresh and as beautiful in the last year as it is now."

Tears came into her eyes, and her voice failed. "I can't help it," she said. "It was so touching. If you had only seen it——"

"It must have been so," said Lady Ledchester. "I can imagine what it would have been. You and yours have made it so. Freville Chase is, and always has been, my *beau idéal* of all that was best in mediæval times, living in the present day and belonging to it, as if past and present were one. My dear Elfrida, it is well for us Protestants that your ways, which (I admit) are consistent with what your Church teaches, are not much followed by others who profess the same faith; for if they were—if they kept, as you do, to the old principles, instead of caricaturing the worst fashions of the world badly, they would attract all that is great and good among us, I am afraid. Yes! Things are better as they are, all things considered; yet I wouldn't have them different at Freville Chase for all the world,

though we have suffered so terribly in consequence. Maud is better as she is, in spite of all—more settled than before and wonderfully good. Shall we go and see her? She would like to see you."

They went into a small room in the north side of the house. It was a square room, whose high ceiling gave it the proportions of a travelling bird-cage. One sash-window, large and lofty, looked on a drying ground, a belt of laurels, and the roof of the stables. An ugly room it was—you would hardly see an uglier—yet she had chosen it, and so made it her own that its ugliness was veiled. An easel stood before the north window, a harp on the other side; but the easel was bare, and the harp covered. Three or four books, of the kind that cannot be half read, were the only things in use, except a rosary that lay on the table beside her. When they came in she rose without apparent effort, but her hand was cold and its clasp weak.

"This is very kind," she said, "very—to think of us at such a time."

"Our trouble is over," said Lady de Freville. "It went first, and yours will go next, as suddenly as ours did, and in the same way; only the search will be easier. We had to look into every old writing-desk, all over the house, without knowing whether the things would be found after all; but a live human being must be somewhere, and can't change into somebody else. It can only be a question of more or less time—not much—at the worst. Things that one has to wait and pray for the longest come at last with the most perfect fulfilment. I hope to hear something from Peveridge Bay presently; and if I am disappointed in that, there are ways and means that cannot fail. It really is nothing but a question of time—a little more time."

"It would seem so," said Lady Maud, "but not for me. He is gone for ever. He has said it. He will never come back."

"He will," said Lady de Freville, "when he knows that he can and may. I understand perfectly why he went as he did. He could do nothing else, placed as he was then. But he certainly would not have gone if he had known what he will know soon; and therefore he certainly will not remain away when he does know it. I don't wonder at your feeling as you do, after all that you have gone through. I should myself. But looking at it as it is (which I *can* do, and you of course cannot),

I should laugh at your doubts, were it not that I know so well how real they are to you."

"They had better be alone," thought Lady Ledchester. "I am going down to see Lord de Freville," she said. "He will be here soon. I will send word if he brings any news."

When they were alone Lady Maud said, "I know that it sounds foolish and ungrateful. I would think differently if I could—if it were possible."

"Don't think," said Lady de Freville. "Try to believe *me*. You really may, for I never make the best of things. No good is ever gained by any sort of deception, however well-intended. I am only telling you what you would see in a moment, if it concerned any one but yourself."

"I believe what you mean," said Lady Maud, "but you don't mean what I mean. I feel that it will never be, because I know that I don't deserve it. I wronged him cruelly by thought and deed. I knew enough of him, and more than enough, to have known better. I ought to have trusted him through it all."

"I see," interrupted Lady de Freville, "how right I was in saying, 'don't think.' You are no judge at all, just now, of anything that concerns yourself, and you have just given me the most convincing proof of it. Ask any confessor you please whether a judgment formed on good grounds can be rash. He would laugh at the question. Ask yourself whether any one else, put in your place, could have, in either case, judged otherwise than as you did. Can you venture to say that you did so on purpose, or that you didn't care whether you judged rightly or wrongly? You know very well that it wasn't so, and in this case could not—could it?"

"Yes, it can," said Lady Maud absently. "Everything can be that is wrong. One never knows quite what one is, I suppose, till the end."

Lady de Freville tried to smile. "You would make me laugh," she said, "if I were not more ready to cry. How could you care about him, if you didn't care what he was? And how could you care about that, if you didn't care whether you judged him rightly or wrongly? Now you know that you do care about him. You know that you have said as much. Don't you see the absurdity of the thing? In what you did there is nothing to excuse. You couldn't help judging as you did; and, after that, the consent for which you reproach yourself was really a noble act of self-sacrifice."

"You judge me too kindly—you do, indeed. What was there to sacrifice? What had I left, worth anything to myself or to any one else? What less could I do, miserable as I was, than try to save my sister from unhappiness by giving myself to help (as it seemed) a struggling soul?"

She shuddered, and springing from her chair, added quickly, "He must be here by this time. I should like to thank him. *Do*—for me. I am afraid I can't go down."

"Wait a moment," said Lady de Freville. "My dear Maud, can't you see that neither you nor any other woman that ever was born, feeling as you did, could have acted so, from such motives, with any sort of carelessness? Do be reasonable."

"I am reasonable—at least I try to be so."

"But you must, or you will wear yourself out, and then you *will* have wronged him."

There was no answer. "This calmness," thought Lady de Freville, "this quiet persistence in believing the worst, against reason and common-sense, is alarming—so unlike herself."

"Maud, you *must* make an effort," she said, "and shake off this unhealthy scruple. Just remember that you were *not* engaged. How could you assume or imagine that it would turn out as it did? Would it have been womanly to have acted as if he had said what he had not said?"

"There was nothing to be done," answered Lady Maud. "I had only to believe what was true."

Lady de Freville spoke once again before leaving the room. "At least," she said, "suspend your judgment until we have taken effectual means to find him. Give us time."

"Time!" echoed Lady Maud. "I have no time to give. He will never come back."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE next morning, about half-past seven, Lord de Freville left a sealed packet at Father Merivale's door. There was a letter inside, and an open sheet of note-paper, on which was written :

I received the enclosed yesterday evening. It will explain itself, and also explain why I ask you to call at Raven's Combe to-day, if you possibly can. I am off to London, having got something like a clue to the Stranger's whereabouts. I need not ask you to remember it at

Mass. Please tell Colonel Claverock how I was hurried off. We shall have great pleasure in going to Raven's Combe, but we may have to put it off a little on account of this quest. Could he come here first? Will you kindly arrange with him as you think best? If you cannot go to-day, please tell Elfrida, that she may write to him for me.

The enclosed letter was too long to read then, but he read it before breakfast, and this was what he read :

The usual beginnings of a letter, many and various as they are, leave me none to choose from on the present occasion ; for some might say too little, others too much, and of none could I feel secure as expressing the relations in which recent events have placed us. Therefore I use none of them ; but as the omission might seem discourteous and ungrateful, I beg to assure you that I have never thought so highly of any man as I do of yourself, and never could have believed, until the last four days, that I should live to be under such obligations to any man. What they are you know partly, for you cannot help knowing how generously you have acted in this miserable affair, under the greatest provocation ; but I wish you to know it all, and I wish to thank you in person for having, under that excessive provocation, befriended me at a time of trial that was simply hideous to a man of honour. A word, a tone, a mere raising of the eye-brows, would have made my position intolerable ; for how could I have proved a negative to the vague charge that must have grown out of the case, if you had not acted as you did? My own personal honour has been, for many years, the only thing of my own that I valued. I lost the rest nearly twenty-five years ago, in the pitiless waves that made my home desolate. I have only that, and you have saved it from a stain that I had no means of washing out. I wish to thank you in person, and Lady de Freville also, for I owe the same to her as to you. I have no recollection of having ever asked a favour of any one ; but I do now, and you are the only man of whom I would ask it. I ask you both to stay here at least one day—more if you can, but not less—as soon as you can. By doing so you will do me an act of kindness much greater than you are yet aware of. I should also feel much obliged if you would kindly show this letter to Father Merivale, and tell him that I wish to ask his advice in a case of considerable difficulty, if he will be so kind as to take the trouble of giving it. I have had much experience of men in many parts of the world, and I have found that, as a rule, Catholic priests are the best advisers in a difficulty. They are trained on fixed and sound principles to do it. They have continual practice, under great responsibility. They live a life that is, at once, out of the world and in it—out of its interests, and in its experiences. I am not able to believe as they do—I would if I could, for I can imagine no greater comfort to an unhappy man like myself—but I can appreciate their work, and I have heard enough of Father Merivale to make me seek his advice in preference to that of any one.

I must apologize for troubling you with so long a letter, but I could not have expressed what I had to say in fewer words. The rest I leave to yourself, only asking you to believe that, as long as I live and am able to remember, I am

Always truly yours,

RODERICK CLAVEROCK.

Father Merivale rang the bell and ordered his pony carriage. "There is good in that man," he thought. "Poor fellow! Inconvenient it is, very inconvenient: but charity has the first claim."

Two hours later he was in the library at Raven's Combe, waiting for Colonel Claverock, who came in soon afterwards, leaning rather heavily on a stick. Leofric, who had been led by the fatality of awkwardness to walk past the windows, peeped in and gravely beckoned. Colonel Claverock, after shaking hands with Father Merivale, and thanking him with unusual warmth for his visit, opened the window.

"Mayn't I hear the first confession?" said Leofric, in a loud whisper.

"Father Merivale," said Colonel Claverock, leaving the window open, for the day was warm, "one of my trials is that my only son is an ass, an incorrigible ass, a troublesome ass, and (it grieves me to add) an unprincipled ass. He will ruin the property, and, sooner or later, bring disgrace on his name, the name of an ancient and honourable race, the name of his mother, the name of my fearfully loved wife, who perished in that bay yonder, that bay round the point—but you can't see it from here—that bay with the dark water and the brown jutting cliff behind. You must see it. The tide is low now, and I can walk with a stick."

"I heard that you had an accident," said Father Merivale, who was glad to avoid an expression of opinion at so early a stage of their acquaintance. "I hope you are not suffering much."

"No, not much, thank you," said Colonel Claverock. "It catches me now and then a little, just at present. I couldn't get my leg quite clear of the horse, and so I got a bit of a sprain."

He hurried on, smiling at the pain, and they went out.

"Is it wise to go so fast?" said Father Merivale.

"Wise? Yes, I think it is; and you will think so presently. Doctors recommend counter-irritants; and the pain of walking fast, with a half-lamed knee, *is* one in a small way—yes: a very

small way. I am a fool to talk such nonsense. No bodily pain, whatever it might be—and this is a trifle, yes, a trifle not worth naming—could silence what is in me. I must walk slowly, for I have a life's torture to tell before we come to that bay below, where she died alone, deserted, and, as I now suspect—but without means of proof or power to accuse—*murdered*."

Father Merivale said nothing, but gently pressed his hand and walked on beside him.

"The more I think of it," said Colonel Claverock, "the worse it looks. But I have other things to say—things that will make you hate and despise me."

"They won't do that," said Father Merivale. "My dear friend (if you will allow me to call myself so, on the plea of true sympathy), do you think that after having been a priest five-and-thirty years, I don't know the power of temptation and the weakness of our poor human nature, and how much the qualities of actions are affected by the amount of knowledge and intention? A successful skater may despise the one who slips through, and the others perhaps will be angry with him for making a hole in the smooth ice; but the doctor looks upon him simply as a patient, and so does a priest when he sees any one in trouble, whatever the cause may be. We are all patients, morally, more or less: and which of us could venture to feel sure of what he would have done if he had been in another man's position?"

"Most people speak and act as if they could," said Colonel Claverock; "but you, who could, speak and act as if you could not. I expected it, though for a moment I forgot. If I had not expected it, I don't think I could have said what I am going to say. I suppose that I am proud. Strange that any one should! We are humbled perpetually in some way or other, and often (if one chose to see it) down to the dust, from which the pedigree of our wretched species is said to have begun."

"Yes, all of us want to be reminded of that, every now and then," said Father Merivale, "though we mustn't forget the other part of it—the intellectual soul, which God breathed into the first man, and creates now, for each one of us. But I am interrupting you."

"No. It was an answer; and I should like some day to go into the question that arose out of what I said. I was going to say, I think, that humility, though I admire it in principle and see in it an heroic element, as involving an effort of mental

self-sacrifice, appears to me impossible in practice, because, as human nature is, hardly any one can bear to have it shown towards them. Instead of appreciating it, they become intolerable."

"St. Thomas of Aquin meets that objection," answered Father Merivale. "He says that humility, like the other virtues, is internal principally; and he tells us that due moderation should be kept in its outward manifestations, lest harm should be done to our neighbour. What is humility? St. Thomas tells us—and waiving the question of authority, his reasoning power was gigantic. First of all it regards our subjection to God; and therefore, as he says, every man should subject what is in him of himself to what is of God in his neighbour. Now, since all good comes from God, certainly not from us, who are always either seeking or avoiding it, and since there are not many people in whom we cannot find some good that we should fail to find in ourselves, I think we may do *that*. May we not?"

"Yes, for in fact we do find it."

"We do: and where we do not, it probably is or was, or, at least, might have been. At any rate that human being is made in the image of God, and we can subject what is of us in ourselves to that. Legitimate authority, too, is of God, for He is the fountain of it; and intellect is of God, and knowledge and wisdom and artistic power. They are all gifts of God in a creature. Then, again, we can find in poverty, illness, and suffering of every kind, something superior to what is of us in ourselves. Can't we?"

"Yes, I have felt that."

"I am sure you have—a thoughtful man must—yet you have only seen a very small part of what was actually open to you, and nothing at all of the secret sufferings that gnaw the heart and exhaust life. In the lowest specimen of humanity we can at least find the image of God, however defaced and shadowy: and that alone is, beyond comparison, superior to anything we can find in ourselves, as purely our own."

"You have put things in a new light," said Colonel Claverock: "that is, new to me. You have shown that humility does not mean the absence of self-respect, but the presence of self-knowledge and self-government and justice of mind and power of self-repression. All this is quite new to me. The characterizing events of my life have, in a manner, forced me back on the pride that apes magnanimity: and yet I asked you

to hear what in fact amounts to confession—the most self-humiliating of acts—without being a Catholic, and therefore without the comfort that a Catholic has in doing so. I have often wondered how certain Catholics who thought a great deal too much of themselves could kneel down in a box with a curtain to it, and confess to a man. I don't wonder now; for if they are Catholics they can't help believing that at least the confessor's authority is of God, and therefore superior to anything they can possibly find in themselves. Given a superior Being, and given the fact that He has delegated a certain power to a creature, that delegated power must be superior to anything that any other creature, not having it, can have in him. Above all, the gain is, in their belief, so transcendently great, that no one but a fool would refuse, no one but a sneak play fast and loose. I have none of those motives to move me, nor can I have them; for I have no religious belief. If I had any, it would be that; but I have none. I come to you as man to man, and I come to you distinctly because I believe in your wisdom, your experience and your honour."

"Experience I have," said Father Merivale, "and honour too, I hope, and some common sense: but wisdom is another thing. Anyhow, such as I am, I am at your service, with all the means I have, such as they are. One thing, at least, I can promise; and that is my sincere sympathy."

"I believe you," said Colonel Claverock, and then he began suddenly. "I was brought up a Calvinist," he said, "the Kirk of Scotland, the thing that John Knox, the adored of snob-worshippers, gloried in. A hideous thing it was—but I am becoming tiresome."

"I hope you won't say that again," answered Father Merivale.

"It was so repulsive to me," said Colonel Claverock, "that I was disgusted with all religion, and after I joined the army I gave it up, without taking to any other. Of course I had to attend church parade on Sundays; and then I went to the Established Church, except when occasionally it came to my turn to march the Catholics to Mass. I liked the Established Church better than what I had been accustomed to, but I found it vary so much in doctrine, that I couldn't tell what it meant as a whole. When I had lived longer and seen more I admired the Catholic Church, for I found it practical, consistent, and beautiful; but I went no farther than that. If I had, the whole

course of my after-life would have been different, as you will see. I had no inclination to vice of any kind; but I found that temptations, when they pressed hard, met with no principle of resistance that I could rely on in practice, or even be sure of in theory. Utilitarianism, like a barrister, accommodates itself to the wants of its client. But I always hated evil, as evil, though, according to the Scholastics, it seems to be nothing—the mere absence of good.”

“The teaching of the Scholastics has been misrepresented to you,” said Father Merivale. “You must distinguish between evil itself and the people, things, or actions that are characterized as evil. Isn’t darkness the absence of light?”

“It is.”

“But isn’t the effect of it—on most plants, for example—positively bad?”

“Yes,” said Colonel Claverock, “and neither a London fog nor an act of ingratitude could be called nothing.”

“And,” said Father Merivale, “when a man deteriorates, becomes less and less good, doesn’t the less and less cause a more and more in him—worse thoughts, worse intentions, worse deeds? Yet evil itself is privation of good, for God is essentially good; and evil arose from the rebellion of the fallen angels, who deprived themselves of God. The common language of men, too—the common-sense utterances of experience—express the same truth. Don’t we hear, over and over again, such expressions as these, ‘He is losing all that was good in him,’ ‘There is very little good in him now,’ ‘There isn’t half as much good in that fellow as there was,’ and so on.”

“You have taught me again,” said Colonel Claverock. “It *is* so, as far as I can see. But we are coming near the bay, and my story must go on to it. Twenty-six years ago I was quartered at Ledchester. It was the turning-point of my life. If I could have believed, all would have been different. I did half-believe, at one time after her death; but that brute Crayston, with whom I allowed myself to be intimate, because he was agreeable and had a knack of profusely bringing out what he had read up, made it his business to strew difficulties, doubts, and questions in my way. I found him out afterwards, but he had woven a network of objections that I couldn’t escape from. It thrust me back, struggle as I would—and at first I did struggle.”

“Did you try all the meshes, to see if there was a weak part?” said Father Merivale.

"Yes, as far as I can remember."

"Did you apply to any competent person on the other side?"

"Yes, I asked Sir Richard."

"Sir Richard! He was a very well-meaning man, and knew what was necessary for him to know about his religion, but he was quite unqualified for answering difficulties. Didn't he say they were temptations?"

"He did, I think."

"Yes, and so they were. But they wanted answering, not setting aside; and he wasn't the man to do it. You might as well take a small boy who knows his *ὁ, ἦ, τό*, and expect him to give you a critical explanation of the Greek particles."

"But all belief had left me, and power to believe."

"You mentioned your being quartered at Ledchester," said Father Merivale, "and you spoke, I think, of your marriage. But I know enough to spare you that. Let me do so. Those lines in the *Inferno*—

Nessun maggior dolore

and the rest, are terribly true."

"They are," said Colonel Claverock. "They have been written on my heart these five-and-twenty years. I thank you for your sympathy. I shall never forget it while life lasts. You know enough to know that it began under evil auspices. It was my fault, not hers—I beg you to understand *that*—mine only. I make no excuses; for I know that your experience and charity will suggest whatever is right, and I want no more. But I must now come to that which you do not know—a story that will make you turn from me in horror."

"That it wont," said Father Merivale, "unless you assure me that you are not sorry for it, and are ready to do it again."

"I was engaged at the time," said Colonel Claverock, "engaged against my own inclination, by a strange combination of, of—but let that pass. I *was* engaged."

"I remember hearing the report, years ago," said Father Merivale. "Was she not your second wife?"

"She was," he answered in a hollow voice. "I married her three weeks after my first marriage."

"Don't be discouraged," said Father Merivale; and his voice was as if he were asking the most commonplace question. "We can't recall the past, but we can always turn it to good account. What followed?"

"I must tell you first," said Colonel Claverock, "how it happened. When I was in India with my regiment, I was persuaded by a man in whom I had then full confidence to make what turned out to be a ruinously speculative investment. The money invested was not much—it was a legacy of a few hundred pounds—but the liabilities amounted to as many thousands. I couldn't pay it, and the principal and interest of borrowing would have been so great, that I must have left the army, or at the least have changed (if I could) into one of the West Indian regiments, going down from senior to junior lieutenant, and losing my chances of active service. In fact, I should have been shelved and ruined. A friend came forward, and paid it. He was distantly related to the man who had misled me—and he wouldn't hear of my giving him a written acknowledgment. He had one only child, a daughter, half-Indian in blood, and quite so in nature. He wouldn't listen to any arrangement for paying off the debt by degrees. Whenever I spoke of it, he turned it aside, and talked of her. She was only sixteen then. Soon afterwards the regiment was moved, and then came home. There certainly had been an implied engagement between us, to come in force when she should be old enough. I had let myself drift into that; but I afterwards doubted it, and at last flattered myself that it was not so understood, because when I wrote from England, as I was bound of course to do, he never answered my letter. He had died before it could have reached him, but I was ignorant of that. A year afterwards I was quartered at Ledchester, and there I married. A few days after—only a few days—I had a letter from *her*, written at Marseilles, on her way from India. It told me that her father was dead; that she had been settling his affairs, which were all in confusion, owing to unexpected losses; that he had left about a tenth of what he was supposed to leave. She said that she was coming to England to fulfil her engagement, because I couldn't go to India. She expressed great affection—and alluded to her reduced fortune in a way that made me wish that I had never been born. She said that she had come from India under the care of some friends, and was now staying with them. What was I to do? I felt that to write was impossible. I must see her, and break it to her as well as I could. I pleaded business to my wife, and travelled night and day to Marseilles."

He paused, and when he spoke again his voice betrayed a

great struggle within. "There may be," he said, "and sometimes is, a certain false grandeur in guilt, which in this case was conspicuously absent. She received me with rather extravagant expressions of affection, believing that I had come to fulfil the implied engagement. I loathed the sight of her. How could I possibly do otherwise? But I was cowed, literally cowed. I, who prided myself on an iron will and a courage that would face anything, was cowed by her, by the power that she had to crush me, to make my name a by-word of reproach, and, worst of all, to ruin me in the eyes of my wife. I was cowed by *that*, miserably cowed. It was moral poltroonery, that can't face the impending danger, and creeps away, hoping to avoid the distant one."

"It was simply the want of a guiding principle," said Father Merivale. "The natural virtues, like the helmsman of a ship, won't do when we are at sea, unless we have a compass to guide us; and the apotheosis of honour is very apt indeed to be followed by some startling trick of the deified."

"It played false to me," said Colonel Claverock, "or I to it. Shame has been my inseparable companion ever since, poisoning the happiness that was mine, grinning down the dignity of an immense grief, and casting its own shadow on the memory of her who was all to me."

"Shame," said Father Merivale, "like everything else, except the love of God, has to be kept within bounds, or it becomes morbid and weakens the moral tone. It acts like a strong mirror; and when we have thoroughly realized the truth it reveals, we don't want to stand looking at it. We have to apply remedies."

"There are no remedies for me," said Colonel Claverock.

"You are applying one remedy now," answered Father Merivale, "by accusing yourself like a man. If you were not disposed, more or less, to do right, you would not venture to own that you had done wrong; for assuredly no one could well dislike it more than you do. But you were saying——"

"I arrived there," said Colonel Claverock, "in the evening, and went at once to see her. She told me she was staying with some English friends, who had been kind to her on the voyage home. I had the full intention of telling her the truth; but she received me with such evident joy that I had not the heart to do so at first, more particularly as her friend, an elderly lady, was in the room when I arrived. When we were left alone I spoke

of a difficulty, implied a half-engagement in which my honour had been implicated, not saying when. There was a most painful scene. She accused me of wishing to give her up because she was no longer the large heiress whose father had saved me from ruin, and she declared that she would make the whole story known in England.

"‘Come what may,’ she said, ‘I will do it. Every officer in the regiment shall know it and cut you. You have roused my Oriental blood by the one unpardonable injury, the one thing that a woman will not forgive. I will go there. I will find out who she is. I will proclaim to her what you are.’”

“Good gracious!” thought Father Merivale. “That *was* a position. Poor fellow! Poor girl! Poor wife!”

“I tried to calm her,” said Colonel Claverock. “I tried to calm her, and she became calm, but scarcely through any words of mine, for I hardly knew what I said. Her manner changed quite suddenly, as if some new idea had occurred to her. She declared that she had misunderstood me, and expressed an extravagant regret, mingled with half-laughing, half-crying allusions to her Oriental blood that took fire at the shadow of a suspicion. It was late then, and I went away. The next morning I came again by appointment at ten o’clock, determined at all hazards to tell that I was married, and hurry home. She was not in the room, but came in soon afterwards through the folding-doors of the next. I took her aside into one of the windows and told her that I must now say what I had not yet said. She interrupted me two or three times in a very excited way; and, in a minute or two after, an Anglican clergyman in a surplice opened one of the folding-doors. He came forward, shook my hand, and congratulated me. I don’t know what I said to him. I was completely unnerved by the horrors of that moment. He said to her that all was ready, and went back into the next room. I said to her, ‘This is impossible.’ She said, ‘It is *not*. I have prepared all. Remember who and what I am. If you do what is but your bare duty now, I forgive all, and I will be a devoted wife, and I will remain here till you come for me. If not—but why do you so cruelly force me to say things that tear my heart out?—if not, the whole story will be known within a fortnight all over the country and spread everywhere—the engagement when I was a large heiress, the desertion after I had become poor, the deliberate betrayal of one whose love you had sought, the black ingratitude to her

father, who saved you from utter ruin. I have letters of introduction to several county people.' She then changed her tone, and spoke of her devotion, I believe—but I scarcely heard her—and then threw open the folding-doors. I saw there the clergyman waiting, and the prayer-book, and several people as spectators or witnesses. My first impulse was to explain the case, leave the house, and risk the consequences: but I knew that she was capable of all she threatened, and I took refuge in a miserable piece of sophistry. All would be lost if I told it there; and I persuaded myself that it was all illegal—the man not a clergyman—and that if I went away immediately after, I should hear no more about it. If she found it out afterwards, I thought she would hush it up for her own sake. This, you will say, was the fancy of a fool or a madman: but a madman I was then. I took her aside, and told her that I must go back to my regiment immediately, and not come again for some time. She said that she was satisfied, and should remain quietly where she was until I was able to come again. I went through the sacrilegious rite and left the house, trying to comfort myself with the thought of telling the whole truth about it to my wife when I should have been married long enough to have proved how entirely I was hers. I was left in peace about three weeks—comparative peace, for a horrible fear was always on me—and then there came a letter asking me why I had not written. 'Unless you come here directly,' she wrote, 'I shall know what I have long suspected. I shall know that I have a rival even now, and I tell you that I will track her out though she were at the furthest corner of the earth. A desperate woman is not to be trifled with, for she has no fears and no scruples. I have means that you know not of, and I swear to you that she shall die unless you come now.'"

"I then saw what I had done by not telling her at once that I was married. The struggle took years out of my life. It was the beginning of the end, and I felt that it was. How I concealed that agony from my wife, I don't know. The struggle ended in my going. The threat to murder my wife overcame everything. I could see no further. I hated myself, but I said, 'Hate myself I must now, but I can save her!' Fool! She *was* murdered, and I might have prevented it, if I had but acted like a man. When I came back I felt that she had some vague suspicion in her mind, though she said nothing. I had no happiness afterwards, nor had she—I could see that. After a

time I had more letters, threatening more violently than before. I made up my mind to leave the army, as I had intended to do later, persuaded my wife to travel in Spain, and took the necessary steps for changing my name to hers. One day, when I had engaged a courier for that day week, and told the commanding officer that I was going to send in my papers immediately, I came home and saw them carrying her up the glen—dead. Come round here, round that point. I will show you where she died."

Father Merivale followed him over the sand, and they went into the Lady's Bay.

"It was here," said Colonel Claverock. "The woman who was her maid then, and is now my housekeeper, says that an accident—the spraining of an ankle by a fall from one of these boulders—was the cause of her death. She was unable to walk, and help came too late. Do you—*can* you believe that?"

"Why not?" said Father Merivale. "Any one unable to walk would be caught by the incoming tide."

"Yes, but why not have helped her instead of running away for help?"

"I was told (I think) at the time, that her maid was carrying the baby. If so impeded, she could do very little, and fright would account for much. What motive could she then have had? It often happens that people lose their presence of mind, often when they have most need of it."

"I did think so at one time; but I know more of that woman; and, reasonable or unreasonable, I believe now what I believed at first, what all believed then. Here she was drowned within reach of help—helpless with help at hand. That woman left her to die. I saw her laid on the bed—her face whiter than death, her clothes dripping, her hair matted with the slimy sea-water. Had I felt a little less I should have gone mad; but the horror was too vivid, the desolation too appalling, the remorse too distinct. *I could not*, and I can't now. Sometimes I have longed for annihilation, but only for a moment. I shrank from believing that she is annihilated—that she is not somewhere. If I could only see her, just long enough to say how it was, and hear me speak as I feel! You see now that faith is impossible for me. If it were possible I should have it. But how can I? Why did she suffer and perish? The fault was not her own. She was all goodness and gentleness and love, and all that is beautiful; and she perished here—*she is not*."

"*She is,*" answered Father Merivale, and that was all he said; but he took Colonel Claverock's arm decisively, and walked back. Neither of them spoke again till they were out of the bay. Colonel Claverock broke the silence.

"One thing remained," he said, "when more seemed impossible. Wrong had been done to the most unworthy of women—done under temptation of the one fear that could have moved me, but done by my own act. I had to undo it. I never asked about the legality or illegality of the sacrilegious rite that I had gone through in a room at Marseilles, but I shut up this place, exchanged into another regiment, and, after some time, went through a civil marriage. Go to a church I would not. Religion was too beautiful an idea to be so desecrated. The rest of that special retribution can be told in a few words. It lasted a year and a half. She had violent fits of jealousy, jealousy of the dead. She knew that I had since married her as a duty of honour, and she guessed that I looked upon it as a self-inflicted punishment for the wrong I had done. One day in a paroxysm of anger, she died. I believe she burst some vessel in the head. If I had never crossed her path she might have been different. I had broken up her life. I was the cause of her death—an unnatural and violent death in her blighted youth and fading beauty, disfigured by the evil passions that I had excited. One contemptible sophistry, one wretched compromise, one disgraceful impulse of moral cowardice, had done all. The engagement, though virtually binding when I left India, was not explicit; and when I married, I had heard nothing from her or her father for more than a year. It was the unpaid debt that dragged me down. The inference would have been so horrible, that I couldn't face the fear of its being told to my wife by any one but myself, nor the prospect of telling her so soon. Had she not been the heiress of this place it might have been easier—at least I thought so. No reparation is possible. I can only hate myself, and that I do."

"Would you like to hear," said Father Merivale, "what I think of it all, and what I should advise, if I were asked?"

"I do ask you," said Colonel Claverock. "I should like to hear it before I speak about the will."

"To begin with," said Father Merivale, "I must ask you to abstain from hating yourself. I say nothing about religion, as revealed and dogmatic, because you don't believe in it; but you have a reverence for what is good, and if you reflect, you can't

think it good to hate that which has an intellect, and a will, and capabilities whose extent no human being can know. You don't hate a man's body for having had typhoid fever or small-pox, or a congestion or two of the liver. Why should you hate your whole self because you have been morally sick? Hate the disorders, but not the poor patient. Hatred is (at least intentionally) destructive. Is it right, then, to hate what is capable of noble things? Does a diamond cease to be a diamond by having been in a dust-hole?"

"If I could believe," answered Colonel Claverock, "that I was made in the image of a Supreme Being, I should reverence the plaster cast, however broken and disfigured. But I will try to do as you tell me."

"Trying is half the battle," said Father Merivale. "And now for the measurement of what you did. We must have recourse to our old friends, matter and form, for that. If matter is determined by its form, so is the character of an action by the will of the agent. The actions have no character, strictly speaking, of their own. For instance, by the same act a man murders another, or defends his own life, or kills a man accidentally. The thing done is the matter of the action. The will is the form that determines its nature and makes us more or less responsible for it, or not responsible at all. But the will is a faculty of the intellectual soul, and is subject to the intellect; for it implies choice, and choice implies a reason of some kind, however weak or confused. On the other hand, the intellect is so far subject to the will, that the will can fix it here or there, or turn it aside. The question then comes to this: What knowledge had you? and what use did you make of it? I can't see into your soul, and therefore you must help me by examining your own conscience. Now, at the time when you consented to go through a marriage ceremony at Marseilles, had you any notion of sin, as distinct from crime? By sin I mean, in your case, the violation of some higher law, whose authority is in the Unseen, and whose command was, as it were, repeated in your conscience?"

"No. I couldn't believe in the Unseen, and therefore I had no belief in a higher law."

"Then, in fact," said Father Merivale, "right and wrong depended on opinion, and therefore varied with it, and were liable to be modified, as opinions often are in practice, by the pressure of difficulties and temptations. The natural virtues,

guided by good principles (which, by-the-bye, are all traceable to a higher law, not originated by us), help us well when the sea of life is calm, and even in its tempests will sometimes do wonders, but they can't weather a tornado such as you encountered. Your belief in the sanctity of marriage was only a strong opinion, founded on the consent of society and elevated into a sort of emotional religion in one particular case. To you it was a holy thing, in relation to your beloved wife, and you gave it a pseudo-divine worship. You only considered *that* marriage, and your and her happiness in it, and the danger of having that happiness destroyed, or at least marred. Had you realized in your own mind what marriage is in itself, you never would have dreamt of trifling with its vows under any sort of pretence. That alone would have brought you to yourself, and you would have seen the contemplated act in its true colours. Did you feel any self-reproach when deciding?"

Colonel Claverock hesitated. "I don't quite know," he said, "what it was that I felt."

"Then," said Father Merivale, "I don't see how you could have acted with full knowledge and consent. But did you feel none when you went there again?"

"Yes, horribly; but it seemed inevitable—the only way of saving my wife's life."

"Just so. It was a moral *delirium tremens* then as before; and that brings us to a question of antecedent responsibility. My opinion is, that during the whole time of trial, you had not sufficient knowledge to make the wrong and the crime and the sin strictly speaking formal—that is, fully intended, with full knowledge of what it was—but I most earnestly advise you to look for the cause. You will find it, as I said before, in the fact, admitted by yourself, that you had no higher law than your own opinion, the consent of society, and the impulses of your heart. You have seen what your own opinion and the consent of society was worth in practice, against sophistry armed with a terrific temptation, and you have seen how the best impulse of your heart—your genuine and intense love of your wife—was actually made the means of self-deception and turned against her. You are horrified at this, and suppose yourself to be hopelessly bad—which you are not, or you wouldn't feel it as you do—and you can't make out how you could have acted so. But the reason is plain. You had no fixed principle of higher law to fall back on: therefore when

your own married life was threatened with destructive evils, and a way out presented itself as the only way, the sophistry of terror prevailed. Now if the want of a higher law could have such a result as that, it certainly is not safe to be without a higher law; and the interior light which all of us possess and which we call conscience, shows us that man was created for that higher law. Could you, then, have found one if you had tried? *You* know, or may know (and I don't), whether you neglected to look for it. You had better examine yourself about that, for the question of your antecedent responsibility is there. When you have seen where it is, you will be in the way of seeing *what* it is. You will see how, and in what respect, and in what degree, and under what difficulties, you had failed, and you will therefore be in the way of feeling a more healthy sorrow, free from the morbid remorse that bars improvement and is likely to nourish a secret pride of pain. That is my advice, and I don't see my way to advising further, for I can't go further without getting on religion; and an indefinite religion amounts to nothing more than sentimental ethics."

They had now reached the upper end of the glen. Colonel Claverock walked on without speaking. When they had come to the house, Father Merivale stood still on the doorstep, and said, "Good-bye. I must be going home."

"Not yet," said Colonel Claverock. "You really must not. Luncheon has been ready the last half-hour. Besides I want your advice about something else."

Reviews.

I.—KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.¹

WHETHER it be owing to the fascination we fall under at seeing the ruin of those principles which form the true life of our own native land, or to a consuming interest in the struggle of brave men against powers overwhelming, whether for either reason or both, or because of the many others that suggest themselves, certain it is that the story of the Reformation, told in all its hideous reality, appeals to us and thrills us in a way no other page of history can.

The period which Dr. Lee has set before us in his history of Edward the Sixth is a most interesting part of this very interesting time.

This was the period, short and stormy, in which the full flood of the Reformation first swept over our land, the period when men, who had drifted for awhile with that tide, awoke to find themselves face to face with the ruin of religion, a period which saw many a rising from Devon to Norfolk, from Kent and Oxford up to Yorkshire, which witnessed the deception of the patriot, the murder of the peasant, and the hanging of the priest from his own church steeple. This was the age when cathedrals were sacked by anabaptists and image-breakers, when the goods of the Church and the poor were divided among the profligates of the Court, when the vestments of the priest scandalized the parish, as they were seen bedecking the wife of the cobbler who had been thrust in as pastor, or worse still, as they were flouted on the back of a woman who with some priest or monk faithless to his vow lived and prospered only to store up against themselves wrath to come.

It is a epoch too which much needs the research of historians. The reign of Edward's father is coming ever more and more clearly into our view, as the chronicle of year and day unfolds

¹ *King Edward the Sixth: Supreme Head. An Historical Sketch.* By Frederick George Lee, D.D. Burns and Oates, 1886.

itself in the unrivalled publications of the Master of the Rolls. But the Calendars of Edward the Sixth were not conceived on the same splendid scale, and as for other historians, party and prejudice has left them hopelessly at variance.

Dr. Lee's is, in short, a timely volume on an interesting subject, written in a style that no man can reproach with being dull, while the very form of the book makes reading a pleasure. The Catholic will find nothing here to shock or jar on his religious sympathies. Some things indeed he will not understand. What for instance is Dr. Lee's own position? As to Calvinism and Lutheranism his judgment is forcible: "Where Christianity has not rooted out Calvinism, Calvinism, as we have lived to see, has rooted out Christianity. . . . Such too is the outcome of other heresies," and first among these he includes Lutheranism. Ritualists, on the other hand, he denounces with equal emphasis as "a mere chattering, aimless, disorganized rabble." The Catholic uninitiated in the innumerable shades of non-Catholicism will wonder what standing-ground is left when both extremes and means are so decidedly repudiated. Dr. Lee is loud in his praises of Cardinal Pole, and with good reason; but he is guilty of a fallacy when he says (p. 223), "It is the Cardinal's wise and discreet action, however, in regard to Corporate Reunion, by which his name will be held in everlasting remembrance." Had Dr. Lee omitted the word "corporate" and spelt "reunion" without a capital letter, the sentiment would have been true enough. But of Corporate Reunion the great Cardinal had never heard, conceived, or dreamt. Pole's mission was to bring back the stray sheep to the fold, the idea of enlarging that fold so as to include the morass or bog in which the poor lost ones had stuck, was as unheard of in that age as it is impracticable in ours.

Viewing the book strictly as a history it must be confessed that there are sundry things to be desired. The subject is hardly treated with that breadth and grasp which one may reasonably look for even in a historical "sketch." Had the title run, "Reflexions on Religious Ruin, *temp.* Edward the Sixth," the heading would have been more descriptive of the contents. The moralizing too is somewhat frequent and severe. Again, valuable and copious as are Dr. Lee's quotations from contemporary writers, we lack that solid foundation of authorities, which is never more indispensable than when a writer is endeavouring to demolish a tradition which is ingrained in the

minds of many, and upheld by the support of some still respected writers. Privately indeed we feel no doubt of any of Dr. Lee's facts, but quotations however telling, nay more, even if numerous, form but inconclusive arguments against those who are prepared with cut-and-dry references, and seek shelter behind lumber unspeakable. One unpretending three-inch screw, one serviceable tenpenny nail will fasten down a coffin far more effectively than a hundred brass-headed ones, and our endeavour must be as a rule mainly to bury the old farrago of Protestant tradition, not to point out its ignominious birth or its incongruities or its hollow falseness.

We have said that Dr. Lee's quotations are both pointed and pertinent, and herein we think lies the chief value and certainly the greatest interest of the volume. Who for instance does not care to know what was the welcome accorded to the Reformation by the English? Here is a capital description on the excellent authority of an enemy.

As far as true religion is concerned, idolatry is nowhere in greater vigour. . . . The impious Mass, the most shameful celibacy of the clergy, the invocation of saints, auricular confession, superstitious abstinence from meats, and Purgatory, were never before held by the people in greater esteem, than at the present moment (Hooper to Bullinger, *circa* 1548).

What more consoling testimony to the faith of our forefathers could be imagined? Such quotations are not difficult to multiply. This for instance is a sample of the charitable means suggested by Reformers for turning the fertile abbey lands into deserted sheep-walks:

There be such a burden of poor naked miserable wretches gathered around (Amersham in Bucks) that to scatter such by pulling adown of their nests is the surest way to drive them offwards to the workaday towns (John Gosnold to James Croft).

Very striking also are the pages wherein the punishments for poor wanderers (pp. 55, seq.), the disturbances in Protestant churches, the sweating sickness, Somerset's vandalism, and the death of Edward are described. Dr. Lee's views on the validity of Protestant Orders are not without their interest owing to the writer's peculiar position. He holds apparently that for a century Protestant Orders are so dubious as to be incapable of successful defence. We must, however, content ourselves at present with giving Dr. Lee's computation as to the numbers of

the clergy who accepted the Reformation. It has been again and again asserted, Dr. Lee tells us, "that not more than two hundred rejected the changes made during this age." That this was false may easily be believed, but it is satisfactory to know that in six dioceses the number of vacant benefices was some twelve hundred.

We can imagine a reader remarking as he closes the book that, interested as he had been by the perusal, there was a rather conspicuous want of order in the whole. And we can also imagine Dr. Lee pleading that this defect could hardly be avoided while depicting chaos.

2.—THE PERSECUTIONS OF THE THIRD CENTURY.¹

We have great pleasure in recommending to the attention of our readers the *History of the Persecutions during the first half of the Third Century*, by Paul Allard. The author is already well known, and deservedly so, for various works connected with Christianity during the times of the Roman Emperors, but the history of the persecutions bids fair to be the work which will hand down his name to posterity. He has made great and important use of the valuable archæological discoveries of M. de Rossi in the Catacombs.

The vast amount of information that lies buried in the pages of Tertullian and Clement of Alexandria, Origen and St. Cyprian, has been so utilized as to throw a flood of light on many portions of this half-century, which had hitherto been so obscure. The essential difference between the persecutions of this period and those which preceded it, is already pointed out. Hitherto the policy had ever been the same, whether the Emperor was Trajan or Hadrian, Antoninus or Marcus Aurelius. The law of the Empire was the edict of Trajan. Whosoever any informer appeared against the Christians, the sword was unsheathed, the law was put in force. During this period, however, the character of the persecution changes. The one end aimed at is the extermination of the Christian name. In 251 Martianus tells the confessor Acacius, "I am not here to punish, but to force you." Paganism considered itself well repaid for all its troubles, if it succeeded in making one apostate. The

¹ *Histoire des Persécutions pendant la première moitié du Troisième Siècle.* Par Paul Allard. Paris : Librairie Victor Lecoffre, 1886.

Christians were allowed to make their choice between death and apostacy; but if they chose the former, it was not an instantaneous death that they must expect, but one of excruciating misery and torture, which was purposely lengthened out so that they might have countless opportunities of denying their God and their religion. Thus writes Origen: "Judges are afflicted if tortures are borne courageously, but their joy is boundless when they have triumphed over a Christian."² St. Cyprian informs us that the word of command given to the magistrates in the Decian persecution was, "Do not seek to make martyrs, but apostates." The edict of Decius commanded all Christians, throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, to present themselves within a stated time before the authorities, and make their abjuration; if they did not do so, the magistrates were ordered to search them out. In case of disobedience, they were to be tried before the criminal courts, and they were to be tortured to make them apostatize. If torture was useless, they were to be banished or put to death, and all their possessions to be confiscated. Thanks to St. Cyprian, we know what was the terrible result of this persecution in North Africa. The number of apostates was enormous. In preceding persecutions more than one Christian had denied his faith, but this was done before the tribunal, at the sight of the instruments of torture, or when the body was already broken by suffering. All was different now. Before any process was instituted, the Christians gathered in crowds before the altars of the gods. The pagan magistrates themselves were astonished at the sight. They came in such numbers that many had to be put off till the morrow. They went of their own accord in long processions to the Capitol with flowers, and victims, and incense. The rich were followed by their slaves and freedmen; parents carried their little children, husbands dragged by force their wives who were unwilling to follow them. Here we see a family divided, the son and brother thrown into prison, the mother and sister going to sacrifice. Then it is a woman dragged to the temple against her will; her husband and her relatives hold her hands, make her cast incense on the altar, whilst the unhappy woman keeps crying out, "It is not I, but you, who have done it." A young Christian couple had fled, leaving at home their little daughter; the nurse carries her to the temple, and as she could not eat meat, made her swallow a little

² *Contra Celsum*, viii.

bread steeped in the wine consecrated to the idols. At Carthage there were many priests amongst the *lapsi*. At Saturnum the Bishop, Repostus by name, led in person to the temple a portion of his flock.

The Almighty, however, showed His displeasure at such conduct by many terrible proofs. One was suddenly struck mute after pronouncing a sacrilegious prayer. A woman, who had denied Christ, was seized with violent pains whilst taking a bath, and bit off the tongue which had tasted the profane meats, and which had denied her God. A young girl who had sacrificed fell down dead after partaking of the Blessed Sacrament. At the same time God's power was seen in the triumph of innumerable martyrs, whose constancy overcame all that the most ingenious cruelty could inflict. These facts will help us to form some idea of what a terrible impression was created in the early Church by the Decian persecution.

3.—PAX VOBIS.¹

This book is a very valuable addition to our stock of pastoral theology. The best recommendation we can give it is to mention that the Archbishop of Dublin, in his letter of approbation to the author, speaks of it as "an admirable work of instruction on the Seven Sacraments." He adds that "it is in every way a worthy companion to its predecessors, the *Programmes of Instructions*, the *Allocutions on Liturgical Observances*, and the *Grammar of Sacred Rhetoric*, which have already placed our priests under so heavy a debt of gratitude to you." These words of Archbishop Walsh are sure to direct attention to a volume which we are inclined to regard as the most valuable of the admirable treatises given to us by their venerable author. We think so because of the exquisite spiritual discernment shown throughout the book in bringing into due prominence those aspects of the sacraments which are too often overlooked in popular treatises, and still more in popular discourses. We particularly recommend this book to preachers. They will find it most valuable and suggestive. Many a page of it is capable of easy expansion into one or more sermons. A distinctive feature is the prominence given to the explanation of the cere-

¹ *Pax Vobis*. Being a Popular Exposition of the Seven Sacraments. By the Author of *Programmes of Sermons and Instructions*, &c., &c. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Nassau Street.

monies of the sacraments. Thus the ceremonies of Baptism occupy twenty-two pages, and so with the rest in proportion. That most important, but also most neglected subject, the obligations we contract in Baptism, has eighteen pages assigned it. But the book is by no means intended for priests only. We read on the title-page that it is intended to furnish ready matter for public instruction, and at the same time for private or family reading. This latter object has been well kept in view throughout, and any educated Catholic who reads this book carefully will carry away with him all that he need know of the Church's teaching on the sacraments. It is greatly to be lamented that Catholics of the better classes are so ignorant of the value and meaning of those mysterious rites which convey sacramental grace to their souls. We remember hearing a story of a Catholic officer, who was asked by a Protestant brother officer to explain the meaning of the ceremonies of the Mass, at which they had both assisted. The Catholic replied, "I am very sorry to say that I do not understand them myself, but *I suppose they are all right.*" We fear that this is not an extreme or unusual case of very culpable ignorance on the part of educated Catholics. Fortunately a generation is now growing up of the middle and lower classes, in which the instinct of faith is stronger, and the desire for instruction keener. Those who have the care of sodalities and Catholic libraries could not circulate a more useful book than the one under review. The instruction is conveyed in a strictly scientific theological manner, but breathes throughout the most tender and moving piety. The quotations from Scripture and the Fathers are most apt and pointed. We heartily congratulate the good son of St. Vincent de Paul on the really excellent manual of instruction on the sacraments which he has given us. As an example of the terse and simple language employed throughout, we quote the following :

The practice (of using Latin as the language of the Liturgy) has several important advantages. It binds up the present with the past, and reaches forward to the future with the prestige of antiquity.

It maintains unity and uniformity, so that the faithful find themselves at home wherever they go, as they enter a Catholic church, or assist at the administration of her sacraments. It is a guarantee against innovation, making the rule of praying the rule also of our faith, whilst modern and vernacular languages, so liable to change, would be sure to open a door to constant variations.

It moreover imposes a salutary necessity on the clergy of being men of education ; for, if the sacred liturgy were to be celebrated in the

native language of every country, it would be absolutely enough for the ministers of the Church to know how to read. We should then be deprived of the learning of other times and other countries, which is at present the common property of the Church, and there would be an end to General Councils for want of a common, and as it were an ecclesiastical language amongst the bishops throughout the world. And the allegation that the faithful are deprived of the meaning of what is recited in a language they do not understand, has little force in presence of the advantages just enumerated; for although they are not generally acquainted with our liturgical language, they have their prayer-books, in which all our religious services are translated for their use, so that they can accompany the sacred ministers of the Church in performing all her religious functions (pp. 24, 25).

4.—THE CENTENARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF ST. ALPHONSUS.¹

Messrs. Benziger Brothers have commenced the publication of a handsome library edition of the works of St. Alphonsus. This series of translations will include all the holy Doctor's dogmatic, ascetical, and devotional works, those only on moral theology being left untranslated. As we are approaching the hundredth anniversary of the Saint's death, the series is to be known as the *Centenary Edition*. As to the method adopted in preparing what promises to be a very valuable and useful edition of St. Alphonsus, the Editor tells us in his general preface:

In regard to the arrangement of matter, this English edition is based on the French translation, from the Italian, published in twenty-seven volumes, by Fathers Leopold Dujardin and Jules Jacques, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It will contain many of the explanatory notes with which their edition is enriched. These notes will enable the reader to understand more fully the writings of the holy Doctor. . . . The sacred poetry composed by St. Alphonsus will be found interspersed through the different volumes of the ascetical works. The Editor has availed himself of the few works already translated into English by the late Bishop Coffin, C.S.S.R., and by others. But whatever he has used he has thoroughly revised, and made to conform to the general plan of the present publication. Besides the table of contents, each volume will contain an alphabetical index.

In all there will be eighteen volumes. The volume now before us, so far as the mechanical part of the work is con-

¹ *Preparation for Death; or Considerations on the Eternal Truths.* By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. *Centenary Edition.* Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1886.

cerned, leaves nothing to be desired. Publisher and printer have done their part well, no less than the editor and the translator. As to the contents of the work, no words of ours are needed to recommend anything written by St. Alphonsus to the faithful, to whom his name has long been a familiar one, thanks to the labours of his sons, to whose learning and piety we owe this new edition of his works.

5.—A VOICE FROM BELOW.¹

The writer of this pamphlet tells us (No. 4) that he has served all his life "teaching in schools, managing schools, examining schools," three duties, we should have thought, that cover the work of every sort of official, from master to H.M. Inspector. Yet his apology for appearing in print is that he is not of "those who have official charge of schools," but comes as "*a voice from below*, to represent the feelings and interests of those who are to be dealt with in" the Royal Commission. But the Royal Commission must deal quite as much, if not more, with those who are "*over*" the schools, as with those who are "*in*" them, as even his own argument, summarized at p. 6, would show, for the difficulties of schools, both Board and Voluntary, are the difficulties, not so much of those who are in, as of those who are over them. Hence we are puzzled to know either what he is, or for whom he speaks. And the mist that hangs over his person pervades much of what he has written. In No. 5 he mentions among the difficulties of School Boards that of "enforcing payment of school fees." In No. 7 he adds, "and very real difficulties they are." But in No. 10 he says great difficulties as to fees are "exceptional" and "few." And lastly, in No. 28, he reverts to the topic as follows: "The difficulties attending compulsory payment, especially in Board Schools, are so embarrassing that some system that works with less friction is absolutely necessary." With these four statements before us, we are at a loss to know what the writer would like us to think about the matter. His own opinion seems to be that there are two classes of difficulties in it, some exceptionally great, but few in number, others of an ordinary kind. For the latter he proposes, No. 10, a threefold remedy.

¹ *A Voice from Below. The Question of Free Schools and Denominational Schools* An Appeal to the Royal Commission on Elementary Education. By a Liberal London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

1. "Insisting on *prepayment*," and "allowing *no arrears*."
2. "Making *prepayment* an established institution."
3. "To raise the school fees."

The two first might advantageously be rolled into one, and then, if adopted, success would be synonymous with enforcement. As to the third, we quite agree with the writer that if, where there are two schools of the same sort, the fees in one be raised, many of the well-to-do children will migrate from the cheaper to the dearer one. We also agree with him that the attendance there will gain in regularity, for the simple reason that the more people have to pay for a thing, the less likely they are to waste it. But the question really at issue is this, would the raising of the fees at one school cause parents to send their children now, who, on account either of poverty or of carelessness, did not send them before? We suspect not. Nor would this desirable result be obtained by raising the fees at both schools. The effect would be simply to increase the number of those who are absent from school, not through any want of goodwill, but from sheer poverty. Indeed the writer himself seems to have but little faith in his own specific, for, in No. 28, he broaches what he calls "the best plan." Every school should be double-barrelled. In one barrel payment should be compulsory, but attendance voluntary; in the other, attendance compulsory, but payment abolished. The first would be a kind of *Collegio dei Nobili*, alluring parents, and loosening their purse strings, by sheer respectability; the second would bear and impart the stigma of poverty, so that nobody would let his child go there who could possibly afford to pay at the other. The effect anticipated is that, either by attraction or under compulsion, all children will find their way to school, and that the number of those who, for unworthy motives, refuse to pay, will be reduced to a minimum.

We will not wait to criticize this scheme in detail, a scheme big with heart-burnings, jealousies, feuds, scimmages, and other evils of class-legislation, but offering no solution of the difficulty it is meant to obviate; for, unless we are prepared to ignore cases of real hardship, in which poverty has been brought on by sickness, accident, or other misfortune, the questions who can, and who cannot, pay, who, under circumstances for which special provision is made, ought to be admitted to the upper school, and who ought to be driven into the lower, would still remain to be solved. But, setting these considerations aside, the thorn of educational rates already rankles too deep in our

sides to permit us even to give a hearing to the proposition of doubling every establishment and every staff, and all this in order to meet either difficulties which the author has found by experience (see No. 10) may be successfully treated by the far simpler expedient of saying peremptorily, down with your money, or else for cases which he, in the same paragraph, declares to be "exceptional," and "few."

The writer, however, points out that this part of his plan would apply almost exclusively to Board Schools, and he proposes that each Voluntary School should be allowed to choose which it would be, a paying Elementary School, or a free Poor School; and as to the latter kind he suggests that the cost of them "might very fairly fall upon the rates." He does not seem to remember having said, in No. 23, "a more deadly blow," than that, "could not be dealt to Denominational Schools;" for he thinks, like Mr. Chamberlain and others, that the acceptance of rate support would of course involve the forfeiture of management. We do not see why it should, any more than the acceptance of a Government contract to supply clothes or ships involves the forfeiture on the part of the contractor of the management of his own yard or factory. In all cases the Government retains the right to reject the work when it is not well done, and that is its sufficient security. But we point out the fact as another example of how the writer's arguments eat each other up, and as a proof that his idea will require to be more carefully thought out before it can be of much practical use to the members of the Royal Commission. At the bottom of many of the so-called difficulties of the educational as well as of other social problems, lies, we suspect, the fallacy that all the evils of life may be cured if only we use enough red tape. What we are fussing about very often are not difficulties, but impossibilities. Ideal perfection is not attainable in this life. Individuals ought to set it before themselves as something to aim at, but to impose it on all by law is blind tyranny. There is a limit to the development of human excellence beyond which no Act of Parliament will carry us, and in the matter of educating the masses we have already machinery enough to reach that limit. There must always be a residuum, which, on account of weaknesses and miseries inherent in human nature, we cannot get into our schools, pay or no pay, and it is nearly time now that those who devote their energies to hatching rules for attaining this object should be relegated to the same limbo with

seekers for the philosopher's stone. Allowing, however, for the defects which we have pointed out, this is a very readable pamphlet, and in it will be found a review of many of the well-known anomalies and hardships attending the administration of our Educational Code.

6.—THE MAMMALIA.¹

This book, the author tells us in his Preface, is offered to our younger and rising scientists as a suggestive introduction to that portion of the animal kingdom which stands closest to anthropology. We fear the book will indeed prove suggestive, but not of those notions which it is most desirable that younger students of Nature should become imbued with at the beginning of their career. In presence of the immense difficulties by which the man of science is confronted whenever he endeavours to raise the veil which hides from us the origin of organic forms, it is clearly not useful, indeed it may prove very mischievous, to direct, in the first instance, the attention of students towards those questions concerning which the masters themselves know so very little. What they really want is a solid knowledge of facts, above all a knowledge which makes them thoroughly acquainted with well defined groups, and prepares them for a comparative study of these groups later on. The anxiety manifested in some text-books at the present day to put before the student a complex scheme of life, with every part complete, and fixed in its place, according to the biological philosophy of a particular school, appears to us likely to prove very injurious to the mental training of beginners. We fear the present work of Professor Oscar Schmidt is equally dangerous from this point of view. It aims at raising the mind of his younger readers to what he calls a scientific interpretation of the living world, that is, at putting a certain interpretation upon certain facts according to certain definite principles which would answer admirably for the purpose if only they were not themselves resting on no demonstration. First principles, we know, do not require any demonstration, because the mind discerns directly the intrinsic evidence of their reality, but are these first principles? Our reader must judge.

After quoting at some length the admirable researches of

¹ *The Mammalia in their relation to primeval times.* By Oscar Schmidt, Professor in the University of Strasburg. London: Kegan Paul, 1885.

Gaudry on the mammalia, Professor Oscar Schmidt goes on to say:

Yet Gaudry, like other of his countrymen who maintain the incontestability of the theory of descent, is not a disciple of Darwinism, *i.e.*, of finding a proof for the theory of descent in the hypothesis of Natural Selection in the struggle for existence. He, like R. Owen, remains within the realm of miracles, and supposes a personal Creator to have directed the countless forms of development towards definite and preordained purposes. With this conception of things, which at a certain point sets sober inquiry aside, the assumption of *accident* has to be met, and accident, in the opinion of Darwin's opponents, is raised to the rank of principle. . . . Still, that which is called accident, is not beyond the pale of legitimate occurrence. We leave it to the reader to decide whether it appears more reasonable to assume that the absolute intelligence of a personal Creator should break off, for no result, millions of commenced series, than that so-called accident should prevail within the absolute laws of nature.

Clearly the learned author is not dealing here with first principles. How, besides, accident as such can have any place in the operation of *absolute* laws, we confess we are at a loss to understand.

Professor Schmidt, like most scientists of his school, is endeavouring to solve this difficult problem: how to explain the formation of types evidently fulfilling a reasonable end without admitting or supposing a reasonable tendency towards that end. The present book, it is needless to say, does not supply us with a solution, but we believe that the great palæontologists for whose teleological views Dr. Schmidt shows so little regard, are far nearer to it than the late Strasburg Professor. Thus Sir Richard Owen, although acknowledging the force of the arguments for development afforded by the comparative study of the mammalia, does not hesitate to say, "I believe the horse to have been predestined and prepared for man." He reconciles a belief in Evolution with a conviction that Evolution is the manifestation of an Almighty Will working towards a definite purpose. Gaudry, although firmly persuaded of the truth expressed by the doctrine of descent, arrives at the same conclusions. The chapters occupied in Dr. Schmidt's book with the comparative anatomy of fossil and recent mammalia are interesting and generally well written, although a tendency to dogmatic generalizing on the slightest anatomical provocation must considerably reduce their usefulness to students of facts.

7.—FLORA.¹

Flora owes its inspiration to the same source from which sprung *Fabiola*. The Catholic dweller on Italian soil almost naturally strives to live in fancy by the days of which so many memorials meet one at every step. *Fabiola* and *Callista* were the outcome of a scheme to illustrate by works of fiction the various ages of the Church's history. Their success makes it a subject of deep regret that pens as skilful, if such were to be found, have not continued the series. *Rienzi* and *Romola*, with many others, are non-Catholic contributions to a like attempt. Where the smallest village church enshrines the *corpo santo* of some local saint or martyr, where almost every hill and valley recalls some passage in the story of God's work on earth, where the popular *fiesta*, the baptismal names, make the saints recorded in the martyrology household words among the people, the very air of Italy is laden with holy memories which seek to be embodied in a book like *Flora*.

The author, or authoress, deprecates criticism in the Preface, because the story was written off under the influence of the enthusiasm of the moment, amidst the distraction of travel, and had lain so long in manuscript that it had become a hopeless task, after such a period, to attempt to correct or to alter it.

The immediate object of the work—to help the expelled nuns of Italy—in their silent and pinching poverty, is enough to recommend the book. Amidst the many urgent claims on Christian almsgiving, with a pauper Pope, with a pillaged Propaganda, with the financial difficulties of Catholic education, not to speak of our wants nearer home, the condition of the religious in Italy is too easily forgotten. The pension allowed them by the spoilers is barely enough, if enough, to keep them from starvation, and theirs is indeed a state which appeals most deservedly to charity.

But the book before us does not deserve to be a success merely because of the object to which its sale is devoted. It is brimful of interest, brilliantly written, and the very circumstances under which it was composed have given us vivid pictures of scenery which are delightful at once to the traveller and to the stay-at-home. If we were inclined to be critical, we might suggest that here and there—*currente calamo*—Latin or Italian names of common objects are introduced untranslated, and

¹ *Flora, the Roman Martyr.* London : Burns and Oates, 1886.

therefore, spite of High Schools and Girton Colleges, a stumbling-block to many who will read the fascinating pages. At other times their translation is appended; and perhaps if the least touch of correction had been given, the foreign words would have disappeared, to the advantage of the work. So too here and there elaborate descriptions of manners and customs which seem as though borrowed directly from a classical authority, or classical dictionary, would have been worked up into a less crude shape. These however are necessary blemishes, if blemishes at all, which do not affect the beauty of the whole.

The tone of the work is elevated throughout, and the writer seems to have shrunk from any allusion to the hideous background of Roman public and private life, necessary to the perfect truth of the picture of the times described. It is like the shadowless and etherial beauty of a Fra Angelico, rather than the more lifelike and stern realism of a Rembrandt!

The treatment of a saint's life in romance is always a delicate and difficult task, and *Flora* is a very nosegay of illustrious martyrs, whose lives in some instances are told from their childhood to their crown. As fact is really stranger than fiction, to many minds a carefully written and strictly historical biography has an interest which no fancy portrait, limned though it be by a master-hand, can ever possess. Still there are many, perhaps more, to whom historical facts are most welcome when offered under the guise of fiction. Many would never have known the heroines of the early Christian days had they not read of them in the pages of *Fabiola*. Many have been led on to the more fruitful fields of historic research, through the gates of historical fiction. Let us hope that *Flora* will find a large circle of readers and purchasers, for the price of the work will buy a double pleasure, the literary treat and a well bestowed charity on modern martyrs, suffering for fidelity to their sacred engagements. The fate of St. Flora and St. Reparata was preferable to the long-drawn penury and helplessness of the daughters of St. Francis and St. Teresa in united and regenerate Italy.

8.—A HEART'S OBSESSION.¹

The facile pen of the author of *Evensongs* and *Jeanne D'Arc* has produced still another book of poems, treating of a variety

¹ *A Heart's Obsession*. By Robert Steggall. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

of subjects and affording the reader a large field to choose from. The title is taken from the first piece, which describes one of those mournful scenes of unreturned domestic affection, arising from one cause or another, the cause in the present instance being absence, not that absence—

Which makes the heart grow fonder,

but that which seems almost entirely to have obliterated the first image; or perhaps, although the author does not say so, the planting of another image has caused the first to fade away. We cannot but admire at least one trait in the character of the heroine, and that is the spirit of resignation, forgiveness, and excuse which pervades her character, and will teach its lesson to many an aching and weary heart under the like circumstances.

One of the most striking of the other poems is that which appears under the title of *The Building of the Boats*. Mr. Steggall does not treat, as one might expect, of the building of our own war-ships, but by a clever hit deals a blow at those whose sole aim consists in the one all-absorbing wish to make money, by fair means, if possible, but, if foul be necessary, it matters little so that the money be made. The money-making medium in this case is the construction of war-ships for a foreign nation with (according to the hypothesis) every probability of their being used against ourselves. The workmen are introduced, saying:

Rare times for us, boys! War or no war, we must win in the main,
And such rare times in *our* time will never come over again.

But the doubt arises in the minds of some of the men as to what purpose the boats will be put to afterwards; this, however, is quickly put aside as an empty scruple with:

What matters to us what they're meant for, so the business but thrives,
And we make more money in a year than our fathers made all their lives.

These are the sentiments of the workmen, but perhaps they too thoroughly echo the thoughts of some of their masters and, if anything, perhaps, echo them all too faintly. When it is mildly suggested that they might possibly be wanted, and made use of, by an enemy:

Enemy said I? Well, I don't know; they're enemies all to us
Who don't order our boats, or who make so confounded a fuss
Because others *do*, ay, and pay for them down on the nail,—

Let patriots prate about country, and that sort of thing—'tis cheap;
But we have money to make, and make, if we can, in a heap.

Comforting himself with the not unphilosophical conclusion that :

. . . Life's but life and *must* end,
Their concern, that, and not ours—and we shall have plenty to spend.

While he finds another argument in his favour, in the consideration that :

Nations, like men, will fall out, say and do what one will ; and we,
 Why we're right thus to make a good thing of it, if it must be.

9.—EROS AND PSYCHE.¹

Eros and Psyche is a free and very graceful adaptation of the Old Woman's Story of Apuleius, with considerably more of a moral attached than is always found in love-tales from the classics. The most noteworthy feature of the poem is a very happy attempt at imitating the quaint and archaic flavour of "the Prosody of the Seventeenth Century : " in this, Mr. Bridges has attained a success as delightful as it is rare. The critics, whose profession it is to be keen in such matters, are elated that they should have caught the writer in the statement that "the author has never read any English version of the story," in spite of the fact that no less a poet than Mr. William Morris has anticipated this translation in his *Earthly Paradise*. But those of us who can afford to enjoy a writer in spite of so sad a slip, will find *Eros and Psyche* a very charming poem. The mechanical execution of the book is remarkably refined and elegant.

Perhaps we may best commend this poem to our readers by quoting from the concluding stanzas :

So thus was Eros unto Psyche wed,
 The heavenly bridegroom to his earthly bride,
 Who won his love, in simple maidenhead :
 And by her love herself she glorified,
 And him from wanton wildness disinclined ;
 Since in his love for her he came to find
 A joy unknown through all Olympus wide.
 And Psyche for her fall was quite forgiven,
 Since 'gainst herself when tempted to rebel,
 By others' malice on her ruin driven,
 Only of sweet simplicity she fell :—
 Wherein who fall may fall unto the skies ;—
 And being foolish she was yet most wise,
 And took her trials patiently and well.

¹ *Eros and Psyche*. A Poem in twelve measures. By Robert Bridges. London: George Bell and Sons.

So now in steadfast love and happy state
 They hold for aye their mansions in the sky,
 And kindly look on those in love who mate,
 And seek the peace themselves have won thereby :
 Whom gently Eros shooteth, and apart
 Keepeth for them from all his sheaf that dart
 Which Psyche in his chamber picked to try.

A most charming picture : and one (may the author forgive the commendation) which charms us, largely because it is so unheathen.

10.—CATHOLIC MISSIONS.¹

In June, 1868, the Society of the Propagation of the Faith commenced at Lyons the publication of an illustrated weekly collection of news from the Catholic missions throughout the world. This periodical proved such a useful auxiliary of Catholic mission work that the idea was taken up in other countries, and while *Les Missions Catholiques* continued to appear weekly at Lyons, a Spanish periodical began to appear twice a month at Barcelona, an Italian edition every month at Milan, a German edition at Fribourg, a Dutch at Bois-le-Duc, a Polish edition at Cracow, and a Hungarian edition at Gross-Varadin. Thus the news of the missions was being published weekly or monthly in most of the literary languages of Europe. Now, thanks to the zeal of the Bishop of Salford, we have at length an English edition. It is not a mere translation of any of the foreign editions, but, while making use of them, it draws also upon other sources, special attention being paid to subjects likely to be of interest to English-speaking Catholics. The first number contains a series of well-written articles, several columns of short notes on various missions, and some capital illustrations. The periodical deserves to be widely supported by Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland. In this matter of mission literature we are far behind even some of the minor Protestant sects, whose periodicals circulate by the thousand. The claims of our new contemporary on the Catholic public are well stated by the Bishop of Salford in an introductory article, from which we take the following passage, which we commend to the serious consideration of our readers :

¹ *Catholic Missions*. A Monthly Illustrated Record in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. No. 1, May, 1886.

By the dispensation of God at the present day mankind is becoming united as never before. By the action of electricity and steam, by the passion for exploration, colonization and commerce, and the advance of material civilization, distances and other difficulties are being everywhere broken down. As the great fabric of the Roman Empire was providentially designed to afford means for the spread of Christianity in Europe, so the modern development of science, commerce, and civilization is creating highways and appliances for the establishment of the Kingdom of the Church throughout the world. And the Holy Ghost, accommodating His grace to the natural unfolding and expansion of human life and energy, is visibly spreading over the Church gifts of apostolic zeal and charity. And who are deeper debtors to the generosity of God for natural gifts and advantages than the English-speaking races of the world? Who more bound by a hundred reasons to consecrate their wealth, their world-wide influence and energy to the service of His Name? Who better able to hasten the time of the coming in of the Gentiles, and of the triumph of the Church? It is good, therefore, that we should assist each other to correspond up to the fullest measure of co-operation with the Divine impulses which palpitate through the Church.

The apathy and coldness of so many Catholics for the Foreign Missionary Work of the Church, is not from want of faith or of heart, but from want of interest, induced by lack of knowledge and information.

Put before them details of the heroic labours of the Church, pressing onward, in spite of ignorance, deadly persecutions, and pestilential climates, and they will begin to lift up their hands in amazement. Let them behold the endless procession of men—and of frail women too—exchanging refined and pleasant homes for a nomad life in frozen regions near the poles, or for lands under the burning sun, that they may convert the unevangelized to God. Bring to-day's distant scenes of Catholic heroism to their door, and we shall see—yes we shall quickly see—how Catholic hearts will warm till they beat high with noble resolves, rekindling zeal for works of charity at home by the example of their brethren abroad.

Actual experience proves beyond dispute that to disseminate among our people authentic information of the apostolic zeal of the missionaries of the Church is to stimulate faith and prayer, to quicken charity and zeal in every house and parish, to multiply vocations for home and foreign missions. It also enlarges the understanding and the heart in the service of God, communicating even somewhat of that ecstatic glow of joy which gladdened prophets in their vision of the diffusion of the Church, and is an unction poured out upon the preachers of salvation, through closeness of contact with Jesus, Mary, Joseph, Peter and the Apostles.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published, in a very convenient form, the text and translation of the Encyclical of last November on the Christian Constitution of States.¹

Under the title of the *Synods in English*,² the Bishop of Newport and Menevia and Father Guy, O.S.B., have produced a very useful work of reference. It is a full translation of the decrees of the four Provincial Councils of Westminster, but with this additional feature, that the text has been re-arranged, and the various chapters, sections, and paragraphs so grouped together, as to collect all that relates to each special subject under one head. We have thus what we may call a codified version of the legislation of the Church in England. Of this arrangement Dr. Hedley says in his Preface :

It is hoped that the reader will approve of the distribution of the matter under headings. This has made it necessary, as I need hardly observe, to bring together extracts from different Synods. But the advantages of the plan seem to be numerous. It saves much searching ; it gives the whole existent legislation on any particular point in one view, and presents, at the same time, the chronological development of that legislation. If the text of the Synods is really to be used by the clergy as a handy manual of professional duty, some such arrangement as this seems absolutely required.

The Society of the St. John the Evangelist, at Tournai, is already well known for the long series of artistically printed liturgical works which have been issued from its presses. It

¹ *Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father by Divine Providence Pope Leo the Thirteenth on the Christian Constitution of States.* Latin text and authorized translation. London : Burns and Oates, 1886.

² *The Synods in English : being the text of the Four Synods of Westminster, translated into English and arranged under Headings ; with numerous Documents and References.* By the Rev. Robert E. Guy, O.S.B., under the supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. With a Preface by the same. Stratford-on-Avon : St. Gregory's Press, 1886.

has just published a Missal, which is, if we are not mistaken, the smallest ever printed.³ This little book consists of more than seven hundred pages printed in double columns, of small but remarkably clear and legible type. It reproduces the whole of the Roman Missal in Latin, with the exception only of the *Rubricæ Generales*, and the notes for the chant of the Prefaces, Pater, &c. But these omissions are compensated by the addition of a Supplement containing the Vespers of the great feasts, and the Hymns of the Blessed Sacrament. The page measures just five inches by three, and the book is not quite an inch thick. It is literally a pocket Missal, its weight being just seven ounces. It will be of use to missionaries abroad, and at home to all who are able to follow the Mass with a Latin Missal. The price of the book is not its least remarkable feature. It is only two francs and a half, unbound. The addition of supplements for England and Ireland would, we are sure, secure the *Parvum Missale* a wide circulation in these countries.

The Catholic Truth Society, on the occasion of its Annual Meeting, issued with its Annual Report for 1885-86 a collection of the chief pamphlets which it had published during the preceding twelve months.⁴ These include such varied work as Father Rickaby's papers on *Socialism* and *Evolution*, Father Arthur Ryan's *Story of the Passion and Life of St. Patrick*, Father Splaine's pamphlet on the question of Free Education, the tracts on *Church Defence*, edited by Father Cologan, and Mr. Allnatt's *Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome?* The whole forms a handy volume, and the Report shows that these papers represent only a portion of the Society's activity. Its work in the past year is, we trust, only the prelude to still greater things. We hope that *Catholic Truth Society Publications, 1885-86*, will be the first of a long series of similar volumes, and that the Catholic Truth Society will gradually win for itself the same position among the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and similar bodies hold among Protestants.

Its work for 1886-87 opens well with a *Life of our Blessed*

³ *Parvum Missale, juxta Missale Romanum, in quo continentur Officia totius anni tam de Tempore quam de Sanctis. Accedunt nonnulla in Appendice pro Vesperis et Laudibus Vespertinis disposita.* Tornaci Nerviorum, Sumptibus et Typis Societatis S. Joannis Evangelistæ: Desclée Lefebvre et Soc. 1885.

⁴ *Publications of the Catholic Truth Society for 1885-86. Report of the Catholic Truth Society for 1885-86.* Offices of the Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, Southwark, S.E. 1886.

Lady, by Father Cologan.⁵ The plan of this little book is to collect, under appropriate headings, the passages of the Holy Scripture which refer to our Lady, adding an appropriate commentary drawn from approved sources, and an Appendix on Catholic Devotion to the Mother of God. Probably not a few Protestant readers will be surprised to see that there is so much in the Bible about the Blessed Virgin.

The Virgin Mother of God,⁶ as the title tells us, is a translation of all that the Mellifluous Doctor has specially written in praise of the Blessed Virgin. It includes his Homilies on the Annunciation and those sermons which he preached on the Nativity, Assumption, &c., of our Lady. The numberless tomes of Patristic lore are not sufficiently well known to the present generation of Englishmen, and nothing can be imagined more useful than the culling and arranging some of their manifold beauties for the perusal of our countrymen. The writings of the Fathers are in truth a vast garden, bedight with blossoms of every hue and fragrance, intended by God as an inalienable *pleasaunce* and resort for His children in the Church. Locked in, however, as it is, by the key of a strange idiom, a key formerly possessed by all, such a levelling of the walls as may permit Catholics of the present day a free admittance into this, their rightful inheritance, can hardly be too much encouraged.

Father Antonine Scannell, O.S.F., has published a little popular *Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*.⁷ The life of the great Franciscan penitent is a peculiarly touching one, and its lesson is the same as that of the story of Magdalen, that no matter how degraded and sinful the past has been, the highest sanctity is still possible if there be only a loving correspondence to the grace of God. "I have destined thee," said our Lord to St. Margaret, "as an example to sinners, in order that they may clearly understand, that if they will prepare to receive My grace, they will ever find Me ready to give it, just as I have quickly turned to thee." Father Scannell's Life is written in a clear, simple style, and is based on Luke Wadding's *Annales Minorum*, the Bollandists, and other authentic sources.

⁵ *A Scripture Life of the Blessed Virgin*. With Notes by the Rev. W. H. Cologan, Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1886.

⁶ *The Virgin Mother of God*. By St. Bernard. Arranged and translated by a Secular Priest. London: Richardson and Son.

⁷ *The Life of St. Margaret of Cortona*. By the Rev. Father Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. Glasgow: H. Margey, 1886.

The most touching point about Joseph Marchand's life,⁸ is that he set out with every disadvantage. A poor boy, peasant-born, not naturally gifted, he began his studies as late as eighteen, and against all discouragement from his dearest friend, he won his way to the Seminary of the Foreign Missions—thence to a five years' apostolate in Cochin-China, crowned by martyrdom at the early age of thirty-two (1835). One of the Mandarin's questions during the torture was very remarkable: "What enchanted bread do they give those who have made their confession, so that they hold so firmly to their religion?" The "death of the hundred wounds" is almost too terrible for contemplation; but Joseph Marchand's endurance was a grand finish for that strong and simple career. He was declared Venerable in 1840, and recommended to the faithful as a new intercessor. The little book has special interest, because similar events are still taking place. During the French War there were martyrdoms in Cochin-China, in 1884 and 1885.

We have favourably noticed from time to time the various editions of the Abbé Allegre's collections of Catholic tales and legends. We have now to recommend to our readers the first volume of a new series of stories,⁹ selected and published under the same able editorship. The special feature of this new collection is that it is intended for the use of the young, especially in Catholic schools and colleges. It will, we expect, find its way as a reading-book into many of our convent schools.

We have received from Messrs. Burns and Oates an English version of the first portion of the same author's *Petite Corbeille Eucharistique*, which they have published under the title of *The Little Eucharistic Casket for First Communicants*.¹⁰ It contains a number of stories about the Blessed Sacrament, told in simple language, and in a way that is likely to interest children.

The latest issued of the series of little books published under the general title of *Lays of St. Joseph's Chapel*,¹¹ contains two poems, *The Lay of St. Agnes* and *The Lay of St. Dorothy*, relating the triumphs of these two virgin martyrs, and a story in

⁸ *The Life of the Venerable Joseph Marchand*. By Abbé Jacquenet. Translated from the French. With a Preface by Lady Herbert.

⁹ *Première Corbeille de Légendes et d'Histoires pour les Maisons d'Education*. Par l'Abbé G. Allegre, Chanoine. Première Partie. Tours: Alfred Cattier, 1886.

¹⁰ *The Little Eucharistic Casket for First Communicants*. By Canon G. Allegre. First Series. London: Burns and Oates, 1886.

¹¹ *Lays of St. Joseph's Chapel*, No. 6.—*Lays of St. Agnes and St. Dorothy; with Dorothy Heeley's Baptism, or why Cuthbert Heeley's little daughter was named Dorothy*. London: Burns and Oates. Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford, 1886.

prose, the scene of which is laid in the Catholic England of long ago, while its plot is connected with devotion to St. Dorothy.

The object of the writer of *Lost in the Forest*¹² is to show the disastrous consequences of undue indulgence in alcoholic liquors. The sin of drunkenness is far less prevalent in France than in the British Isles, and it seems to produce even more terrible results there than here, if, as is stated on p. 45, two-thirds of the lunatics in France lose their reason through this cause alone. In the history before us, which is more suited for adults than for young children, madness took the form of a permanent delusion, which led a father to suppose himself compelled to sacrifice the life of his only son, a child of tender years and exceptionally sweet character, on a wild and lonely spot. The innocent boy is rescued, but the unhappy parent, falling down a precipice, perishes miserably, the victim of the delusions of a disordered brain engendered by intemperance.

The O'Connell Press Popular Library is going on steadily, producing one volume each month. The latest addition to this Irish Library is a reprint of Moore's *Irish Melodies*.¹³ Paper and type are excellent, and the price is only threepence.

Father Yorke's lecture on the alleged Bull of Adrian the Fourth granting the sovereignty of Ireland to Henry the Second,¹⁴ is a clear and masterly summing up of the evidence against the authenticity of that curious document, evidence which, we think, now amounts to all but absolute demonstration of its spuriousness, and in any case puts the so-called Bull completely out of court in any serious discussion on Irish matters. No argument can be based on a document which has, at the very least, a strong presumption existing against its genuineness.

Readers of Mr. Laing-Meason's latest work, *Sir William's Speculations*,¹⁵ will learn while following the thread of a lively story, not a little useful information about the floating and the wrecking of joint-stock companies, and all the very thinly disguised gaming and swindling that is carried on under the pretext

¹² *Lost in the Forest*. A Temperance Tale. Translated from the French. London: Richardson and Son.

¹³ *Irish Melodies*. By Thomas Moore. Complete Edition. Dublin: The O'Connell Press; M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

¹⁴ *The Alleged Bull of Pope Adrian the Fourth*. A Lecture delivered by the Rev. P. A. Yorke, C.C., in the Lecture Hall of the Catholic Commercial Club, Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

¹⁵ *Sir William's Speculations, or the Seamy Side of Finance*. A Tale of Warning respecting the Joint-Stock Company Swindles of the Day. By Malcolm Laing-Meason. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1886.

of sound commercial enterprise. Knowledge of this kind may prove a useful warning to many; but despite such revelations, there will always be plenty of men ready to be made the victims of specious financial schemers.

Under the title of *New Europe*,¹⁶ Dr. Casartelli, of St. Bede's College, Manchester, has published a lecture on the newer States of the Balkan Peninsula, which sums up in few pages a very large amount of information, geographical, ethnographical, linguistic, and commercial. The lecture is illustrated by an excellent map.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The explanation of the Encyclical is continued in the April number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*. Father Langhorst, in his second article on Max Müller's religious philosophy, disproves the assertion of the great linguist that henotheism was the original form of worship among the Aryans, since the hymns of the Veda, although quoted in support of this statement, rather show that at different periods of time the supremacy was given to different deities. He also contests the theory that the religion of the primeval nations consisted in the deification of natural objects. The Cathedral of Treves has been destroyed and rebuilt, altered and enlarged so often during the course of centuries, that when its restoration is spoken of the question naturally arises, to which of the many forms it has assumed is return to be made? Father St. Beissel, whose interesting sketches show his close acquaintance with the history of this grand old structure, states the commencement of the thirteenth century to be the period of its highest architectural beauty and splendour. In concluding, he deplores the tendency of German architects to seek models elsewhere than on their own ancestral soil, whereon, as in the city of Treves, so many remains of former glory repay research. Father Wasmann enters on the subject of the presence of the mathematical proportion known as the *sectio aurea* in nature as the basis of the different variations of organic development. He has investigated the problem in several departments of conchology, botany, and especially of entomology, and gives as

¹⁶ *New Europe*—Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria. By the Rev. L. C. Casartelli, M.A., Ph.D. Being an Address delivered to the Members of the Manchester Geographical Society.

the result of his measurements several rules and observations of importance and interest.

The question whether our earth alone among the heavenly bodies is inhabited, and that not merely by creatures endowed with organic life, but by human beings like ourselves, is discussed in the *Katholik* for April. The answer must rest on conjecture, since it has not been revealed by Divine authority, nor can science ascertain whether the chemical, physical, and atmospheric conditions essential to human life exist in other worlds. The writer of the article deserves our gratitude for stating the arguments *pro* and *con* so clearly and concisely; he concludes the existence of another race of men to be highly improbable both on the grounds of natural science and theology; moreover, the solution of the difficulty, if possible, would not be of practical utility to man or conducive to the greater glory of God. In concluding his most interesting articles on Confession as practised by the Buddhists, Dr. Hardy points out in what way it differs from the Catholic Sacrament of Penance, to which it has a surface resemblance. He also bears testimony to the purity and elevation of the teaching of Buddha, which by exalting suffering, extolling renunciation, exhorting to self-denial and self-discipline, prevented the population of Eastern India from sinking into degrading barbarism. Dr. Triller contributes an excellent paper on the Catholicity of the Church; and the readers of the *Katholik* will also peruse with pleasure the account of the banquet given by Pius the Ninth to the Bishops and Cardinals who were assembled in Rome at Pentecost in 1862 for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, written by one of the prelates who shared in the exceptional honour of being a guest at the Pontifical table.

Socialism is spreading rapidly on all sides, and certainly not less rapidly in Italy than elsewhere. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (860, 861) expresses sorrow and surprise that the governing classes are at a loss to perceive the causes of this evil, and consequently do not see that the religion they strive to banish is the only remedy that can effect its cure. The revolt of labour against capital, of the employed against the employer, is the natural consequence of the action of the Government in its revolt against the authority of the Church, and seizure of her property. In the following issue (862) Young Italy is contrasted with the ancient Papacy. These two opposing social institutions—anti-Christian and Christian—exist side by side in the same capital; the one, after

some forty years of life, shows signs of decay, demoralization, disintegration, while the other, eighteen centuries old, is more vigorous and powerful than ever. Through the incompetence of the Government, Italy has lost all prestige as a nation; while the vast increase of crime in the country, and the great impoverishment of the people, are sufficient to condemn its domestic policy. The Papacy has no cause to fear Young Italy, and the only hope for Italy is in reconciliation with the Papacy. In the same number there is a very good article on ecclesiastical immunity, giving the reasons why sacred persons and things should be exempt from secular jurisdiction. The rule is of Divine institution, and dates from the time when the sons of Aaron were set apart for the service of the sanctuary; the manner and extent of its application is decided by canon law. The *Civiltà* remarks that a history of the Vatican has yet to be written, materials for which will not be wanting, now that the kindness of the Holy Father gives free access to the Archives of the Vatican. Attention is directed to a collection of documents, drawn from this source, now publishing in Germany, wherein, under the title, *The Treasury and Library of the Popes in the Fourteenth Century*, a valuable contribution towards this work of the future will be found. The scientific notes contain some interesting details concerning the use made of photography in the service of astronomy, and the perfection to which that art is now carried.

The opening article in the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, is a severe and telling criticism of M. Goblet's lectures on the Science of Religions, delivered at the Liberal University of Brussels. The writer of the article is M. Colinet, of Louvain. Amongst the other articles are an elaborate study of the teaching of the classics in the State schools, and an article by M. Giesen on one of the darker phases of life in Pagan Rome.

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